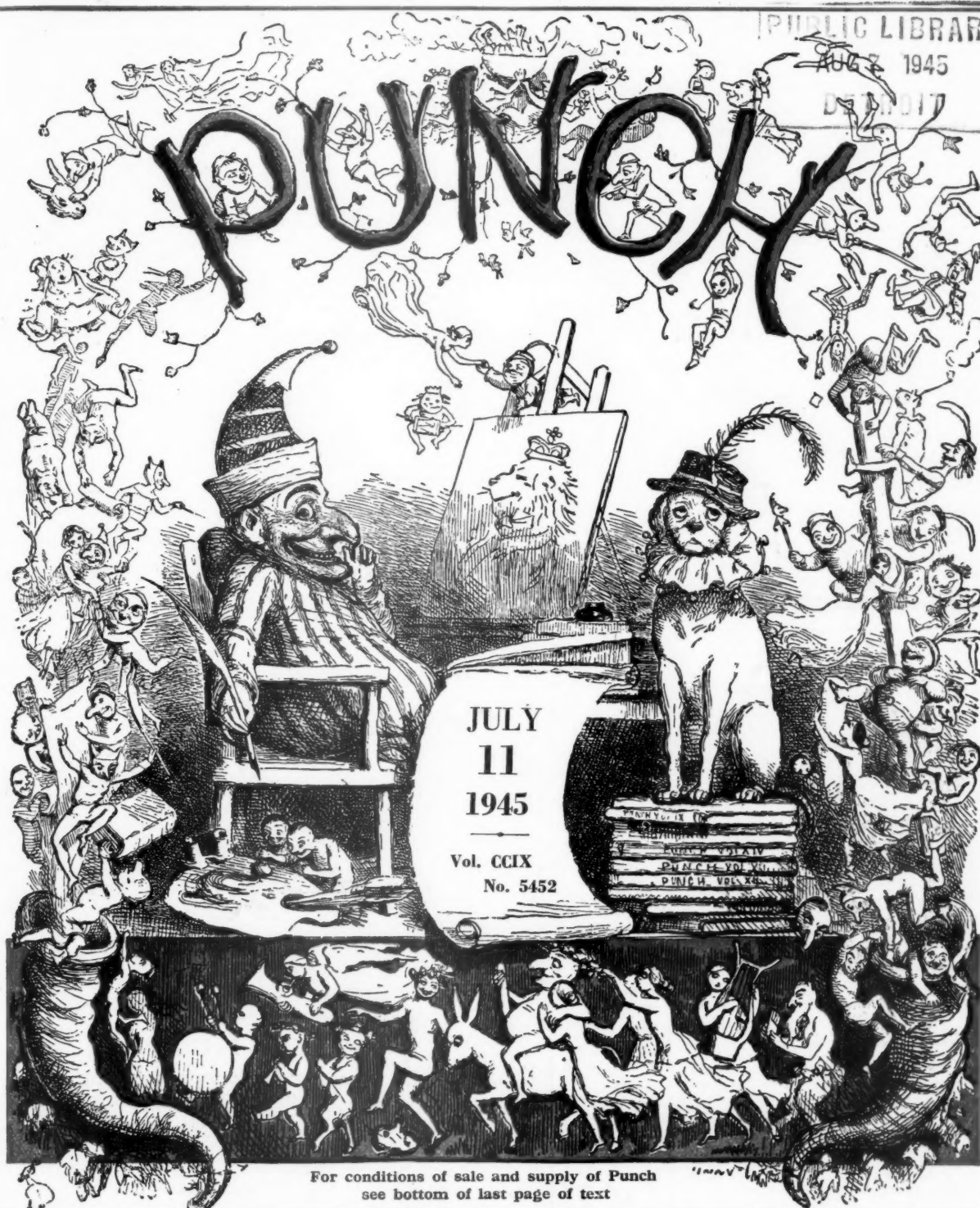


HUNTLEY & PALMERS - *the first name you think of in* **BISCUITS**



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text



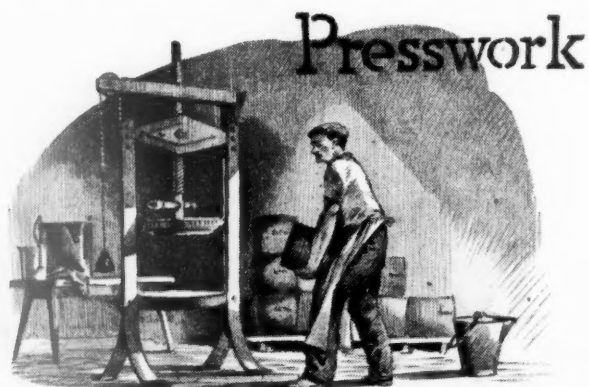
Player's Please





**"OUR NEW OFFICES—
ALL THE FURNITURE
AND EQUIPMENT ARE
STEEL BY
Sankey-Sheldon OF COURSE"**

Sankey-Sheldon, 46 Cannon St., London, E.C.4



Cheese-press, showing device to regulate pressure according to shrinkage of the cheeses. Rough, but thoroughly efficient for its purpose.

Presswork at Terry's presents the utmost imaginable contrast to the slow-moving scene depicted above. In the great Terry works at Redditch, shapes and parts are turned out by the million, in a great variety of materials, yet each item is fashioned with microscopic accuracy, according to the exact needs of the job. Innumerable problems of wartime mechanisms have been solved at Terry's, particularly in **SPRING PRESSWORK**, where miracles are wrought in Spring Steel, the result of 90 years accumulated experience of Spring manufacture. Terry's are always ready to help you with expert advice and unrivalled testing facilities.



**GO TO TERRY'S
for PRESSWORK**



HERBERT TERRY & SONS, LTD. Redditch, Eng. Also at London · Birmingham · Manchester

*The
Delicious Drink
for
Summer Days*



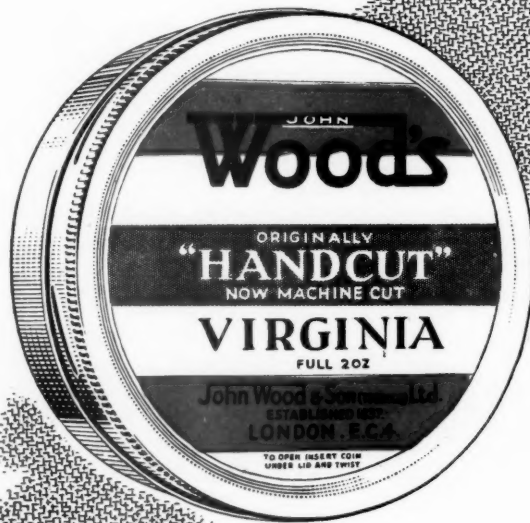
THOSE who have known 'Ovaltine' only as a hot beverage will be delighted to discover what a deliciously cool, creamy drink it makes when prepared cold.

Moreover, cold 'Ovaltine' has very important advantages as a summer drink. It provides valuable energising, sustaining and health-giving elements derived from Nature's best foods.

You will appreciate these refreshing and restorative qualities on those warm, sunny days when you so easily get tired and listless. Taken also with light summer meals it helps to make them more nourishing and enjoyable.

'Ovaltine' cold is easily and quickly prepared. Simply add 'Ovaltine' to cold milk, or milk and water, and mix thoroughly with an egg whisk—or in a shaker.

OVALTINE **MIXED Cold**
is Delicious-Refreshing-Energising



FINE, THANKS!



*I eat something
crisp and
crunchy
every day.*

*When I can get it,
I prefer*

RYVITA

CRISP, NOURISHING DAILY BREAD



What is wrong with this picture?

A happy holiday scene—but just look at the mistakes! To start with, the Union Jack is upside down and the deckchair has no back support. Next, those sandpicks, they couldn't possibly be made with such a small bucket. Strange footprints aren't they for a child's bare feet? And isn't the sun playing tricks with the shadows? That's not all. What

are Caley FORTUNE Chocolates doing here? They're not being made now—and won't be until Caley's have a factory of their own again. Meanwhile good friends in the Trade are making Blended Chocolate Blocks for Caley.

CALEY CHOCOLATE

KEEN
AS
MUSTARD-
Wardonia
Blades

FOR BETTER SHAVES.

*Robinson
& Cleaver*
FINE LINENS & HANDKERCHIEFS
LONDON, BELFAST AND LIVERPOOL
Safeguard Your Teeth!



With **KENT** Exclusive
BLENDED BRISTLES

- AVOID ABRASIVE ACTION.
- PREVENT INJURY TO ENAMEL AND GUMS.

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Best British Brushes

*For Quicker,
Smoother, Cooler Shaves*



CHANGE TO
COLGATE
Brushless
SHAVE CREAM
1/6 & 2/6 Including Tax

*IN SHORTER
SUPPLY NOW
LIKE MOST
GOOD THINGS*

Change to the finest possible shave. You'll find nothing to touch Colgate Brushless for softening up beards (even with cold water)—for smooth, cool shaving without sting or burn.



In reply to many enquiries, we are still unable to import our well-known brands of Sherry and Port. The moment we are in a position to accept orders we shall announce the fact in the press. Until then, we can only thank our innumerable friends for their warm and continued recollection of our specialities, and for their appreciation of our present difficulties.

HARVEY'S

JOHN HARVEY & SONS LTD

Bristol
FOUNDED 1796

Wine Merchants to His Majesty the King



**A
World-famous
drink**

**ANGOSTURA
& GIN**

The genuine "Pink Gin."

**ANGOSTURA
BITTERS—ASK
FOR IT BY NAME.
THERE IS NO
SUBSTITUTE.**

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Tailoring
for men

Whether made-to-measure or ready-to-wear, the "Maenson" Difference is in the make and fit. Deliveries are very difficult, but please keep in touch with your nearby Maenson Agent.

JOSEPH MAY & SONS, LTD.,
106 Regent St., London, W.1.

**For better
Shaving**



**"ECLIPSE"
RAZOR BLADE
MADE IN ENGLAND**

including Purchase Tax **3d. each**

Obtainable only from Retailers
JAMES NEILL & CO. (Sheffield) LTD.



**No
bottles
now,
Madam**

says OLD HETHERS

"But you don't have to go without, do as I do—make it from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley. You'll find full directions on the tin. If you can't get hold of a lemon or an orange, flavour with the juice of stewed or tinned fruits, or maybe you've some ideas of your own."

**Barley Water from
ROBINSON'S
'Patent' BARLEY**

CYS-27



MAKE THE MOST OF BOTH

1945 drivers must watch miles per tyre as closely as miles per gallon. Retreads are obtainable without formality, but new tyres need a permit. So keep below 40 m.p.h., avoid overloading and watch tyre pressures. Get the most from your 'basic' and your tyres!

North British

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER COMPANY LTD. EDINBURGH AND LONDON



PRECISION BUILT

RELIABLE

STRONG

STURDY

EFFICIENT

The Typewriter of the future

Built on experience of the past.

EMPIRE

Portable Typewriters

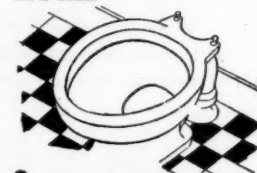
Made in England by
BRITISH TYPEWRITERS LTD.
WEST BROMWICH
and at
150 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1

40 Years' Manufacturing Experience

**specially made
to clean
the lavatory**



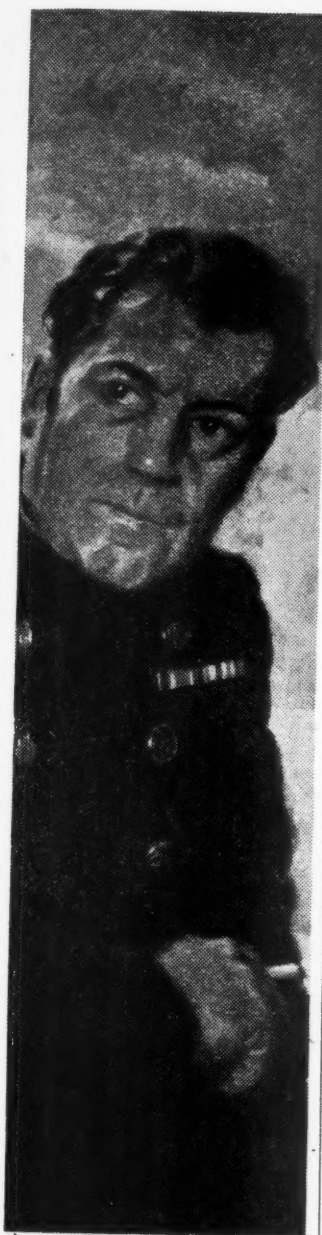
1 Sprinkle in Harpic, and leave as long as possible. Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round into the S-bend.



2 Flush the lavatory. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you don't see, as well.

Because it is specially made for cleaning the lavatory, Harpic does the job effectively and easily. Its thorough action removes all discoloration—cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan. Just sprinkle it into the lavatory and leave as long as possible. Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white!

HARPIC



From the painting "London Fireman" by Paul Dessau, exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1944.

CRAVEN "A" FOR YOUR THROAT'S SAKE

10 FOR 1/2 • 20 FOR 2/4

CARRERAS 150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

1100

Let the Basic Petrol Ration bring you . . .

- ★ EASY STARTING
- ★ REGULAR FIRING
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★ FIT

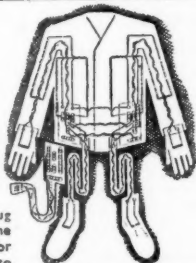


The plug of "Fortress" and "Spitfire" fame
A.C. SPHINX SPARKING PLUG CO. LTD. DUNSTABLE

The Windak suit in use No. 3

'Turn on
the HEAT'

Electrical arteries circulate warmth to every part of the WINDAK flying suit (officially known as SUIT BUOYANT) Simple press studs connect electric gloves and boots. A plug has only to be pushed into the plane's supply socket for the whole outfit to function at once. Other WINDAK features are com-



fort, freedom of movement, ventilation, quick release, floatability. Ample pocket room.



BAXTER, WOODHOUSE
& TAYLOR LTD
Queen's Buildings, Stockport, Cheshire

I wonder if WINDAK

will adapt this idea

for post-war motoring?

You bet they will!



*There's
only one*

**PIMM'S
No.1**

**THE ORIGINAL
GIN SLING**



*"In the present
state of medical
knowledge . . ."*

Exactly *how* exhausted nerves are revitalized by the special combination which is found only in 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic has never been fully explained, any more than the ultimate 'why' of Penicillin or of the Sulphonamides. The important thing is that 'Sanatogen' *does* renew exhausted vitality and soothe jangled nerves. Ask for 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic at your chemist's

'SANATOGEN'

Regd. Trade Mark

NERVE TONIC

In one size only during war-time—
6/6d. (including Purchase Tax).

A 'GENATOSAN' Product.



The Wheat...

Full in every ear . . . refined by the generous
suns of Summer . . . harvested at its per-
fection. Only thus, does it attain the high
standard demanded by the makers of
Britain's best biscuits.

*It must be very good indeed, if it
is good enough to be accepted by*

McVitie & Price

Makers of High Quality Biscuits

McVITIE & PRICE LTD · EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER



TRANSITION

Transition from war to peace has already begun. Designers and craftsmen are busy planning the New World eclipsing the old. For this VENUS pencils will be their first choice. With peacetime production it will be possible to obtain the full range of VENUS pencils, well remembered for their strength in performance, smoothness in action and distinctive finish. Meanwhile, they are available as VENUS "War Drawing," also Blacklead, Copying and Coloured "Utility" pencils.



VENUS

Still stands for Quality in PENCILS

THE VENUS PENCIL CO., LTD., LOWER CLAPTON ROAD, LONDON, E.5.

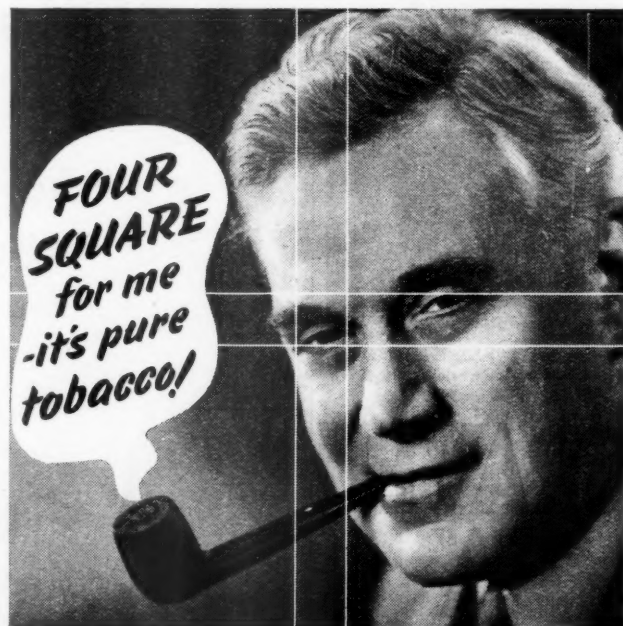


A hundred and fifty testing years confirm that Thomas Minton wrought better than he knew, when from his modest Pottery in 1793 he sent forth Minton China. Since then, generations of lovers of the fine and beautiful have 'blazed a trail' to Minton's door, making his name and artistry world-famous . . . Through all those years has stood a Minton at the helm, guiding and guarding a great tradition, lengthening devotedly the shadow of a gifted, single-hearted man.

MINTON

The World's Most Beautiful China

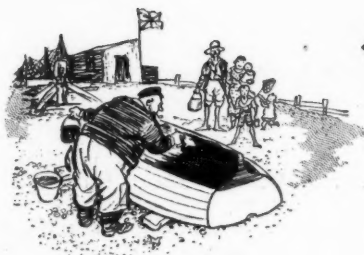
MINTONS LTD · STOKE-UPON-TRENT · EST. 1793



FOUR SQUARE is still made, as ever, from pure tobacco—matured and mellowed by ageing in the wood; free from artificial scents and flavouring.

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

One of the few remaining independent Tobacco firms, established 136 years ago.



PUNCH

Or

The London Charivari



Vol. CCIX No. 5452

July 11 1945

Charivaria

AN Inland Revenue expert demands a Royal Commission to study P.A.Y.E. The ordinary customer will, as usual, have to figure things out for himself.

50-mile motor-coach trips are now permitted. A link-up is expected with motorists who went all-out on their basic.



It is to cost £40,000,000 to make up for war-time arrears of road repairs. And that does not include cost of treatment for the nation's subsequent deafness.

A fashion parade has been held for Service women about to be demobilized. Attendance was not compulsory.

Three million gallons of Australian beer are to be allocated to the British Navy this year. Its equivalent in the English product is more than they have enough battleships to sink in it.

The fast bowler of an Essex cricket team weighs seventeen stone and takes a fifteen-yard run. Nervous batsmen have a haunting fear that he may forget to leave go of the ball.

The simple truth of the housing situation seems to be that after all's said and done it isn't being.

"... Also a few Tea Chests as new, painted green, reinforced; excellent for returning evacuees."

Adv. in Oxford paper.

At whose risk?

A radio speaker says parsley contains more iron than other vegetables. Then what *has* entered the soul of the spinach?



Vacuum-cleaners are being manufactured again. Excellent timing. The dust of the General Election campaign is just settling.

A party of American film magnates is visiting Europe to see things as they really are. Any similarities in the subsequent Hollywood pictures will be purely coincidental.

A newly-discovered film star in America has stated that she won't marry for a long time. Few film stars do.

Now there is a possibility of the cessation of football pools it is thought that more money will be wagered on horses and dogs. The plans to hold a nation-wide Book-makers' Flag Day have therefore been shelved.



"London, S.E., E., and S.W. England, E. and W. Midlands: Wind variable or south-westerly, light to moderate; fair: father warm."

Manchester paper.

And what's good enough for *him*—

In the first international tennis match at Wimbledon after six years the U.S. beat the British Empire. The fact that England recently won a Test Match against Australia at cricket is no precedent. Wimbledon has a tradition to maintain.

Bognor Regis has turned away a record number of would-be holiday-makers. They'll get another chance when, after a week of weather, the would-have-been ones return.

Holland is to have British bicycles; Britain is to have Danish butter; and as for Spain, she'll never go short of marmalade.

After Ten Years

A Memory of P Day

"WALK! What next!

I thought there would have been a great limousine at the door, especially as it's raining. Four limousines, to be precise. It's not every constituency that has a True Blue as well as a National with Liberal and Labour thrown in.

A really energetic candidate would have every voter chaired to the poll, with a cheering mob of supporters and a megaphone. Here comes another elector. What is he thinking about? What has he decided to do? Look at his massive forehead! Look at the intelligence in his sparkling eyes. Hurrah for him. He is going to vote for England, and to vote for me! This is the only time, after all, when the common citizen becomes a hero to the Members of Parliament. Or would-be Members.

Which is the way to the abattoir? There doesn't seem to be much excitement afoot really.

Oh, there goes one of the candidates. He bowed to me. He likes me. I'm going to vote for *you*, sir.

It can't be *here*, surely. This is a chapel of some kind. Used to be, anyway. Do you know, I think this must be the ugliest building in England. I wonder if it is. I think I shall ask a policeman. Anyhow, I shall take my hat off when I go inside. Lots of them don't even do that. I'm glad I'm wearing my best clothes. Why is there no red carpet? Why do these people with party favours want to know our numbers before we vote? I doubt if it's constitutional. A sort of check? Oh, I see. If a lot of numbers hadn't turned up, they could go round and dig them out. What a coincidence! I know that lady there who's checking numbers. I sent her some mice. Well, not exactly; it was meant for a wedding present really, but they got into the straw when it was being packed. . . . As you say, that hadn't anything to do with the election.

The best arrangement would be to have all the candidates, or a prominent supporter of each, at the door giving last-minute promises. They could throw confetti when one came out.

Fourth compartment on the right. That will be in the North Transept, I think. It's no use asking these people about housing, I suppose. It's too late. They might know of a house somewhere, but they're too busy.

Good heavens!

Matter! I should think something is.

Two hours, nearly, I spent yesterday discussing what a ballot-box was like, and nobody knew. Some said it had a round hole like the thing you black-ball people with at a club, some said it had handles like an offertory bag, and some said it had a deeply-recessed upper surface. And lo and behold, it's nothing but a black tin box with a slit at the top. I think I go home. Japanned tin, I notice, by the way. That's probably to show that the war isn't over yet. Go on, sir. I'm in no hurry. Never mind *me*, lady. I wonder how long one is allowed to stand considering before one writes one's telegram. Or afterwards. All day, I suppose, so long as one doesn't try to peer at other people's crosses.

One might even begin a little lecture. Now, here we see democracy at its best. The secret ballot is the essence of the thing, whether the box be made of wood, tin, or some kind of modern substitute like milk or processed beans. *Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci*. Well, I suppose I must take the plunge.

There: I knew I should. I've gone and put my identity card inside. No, not my clothing ration. I dare say the thing's full of bus tickets, anyway.

How the glory seems to depart as one leaves the building! No music, no cheers for us any more.

Oh, there's Mrs. Pinkney!

Are you going to vote? Another coincidence. So did we. You don't know what to do about your proxies, because some of them are at home, and voting in other constituencies? Oh, I should use them. One can't have too many votes at a time like this. I know one girl who has four, two for herself, and two for her husband. Two are University votes. He's not overseas, but he can't prevent her from using his as she pleases.

How well I remember my first election! Those were the days. There was a kind of ladder on the nearest tobacconist's shop, with two coloured woollen monkeys climbing up, rung by rung, as the results came in. They were Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury. I was very small, and I was stopped by some large boys in the street and asked which party I belonged to. Fortunately, I guessed right, or I shouldn't be here now.

What happens if both sides come out equal? They can't have another Coalition, because they've each called the other assassins and things. So there can't be a Government. So there won't be an England. Never mind.

What I simply cannot discover is how and when polling officials vote. Do they guard each other while they do it? What would happen if a voter tried to canvass a polling official while he was voting? Or the other way round?

But then, I don't know how and when policemen and postmen and bus conductors vote . . .

Taxi! Taxi!

Of course, he wouldn't stop. Driving himself to the poll, I suppose.

If they'd held the election about this time last year it would have been a really sporting event. . . . Lost your house? Put me in, and I promise to build you another in no time.

Bother, there goes the polling booth!

In Southern England, anyway."

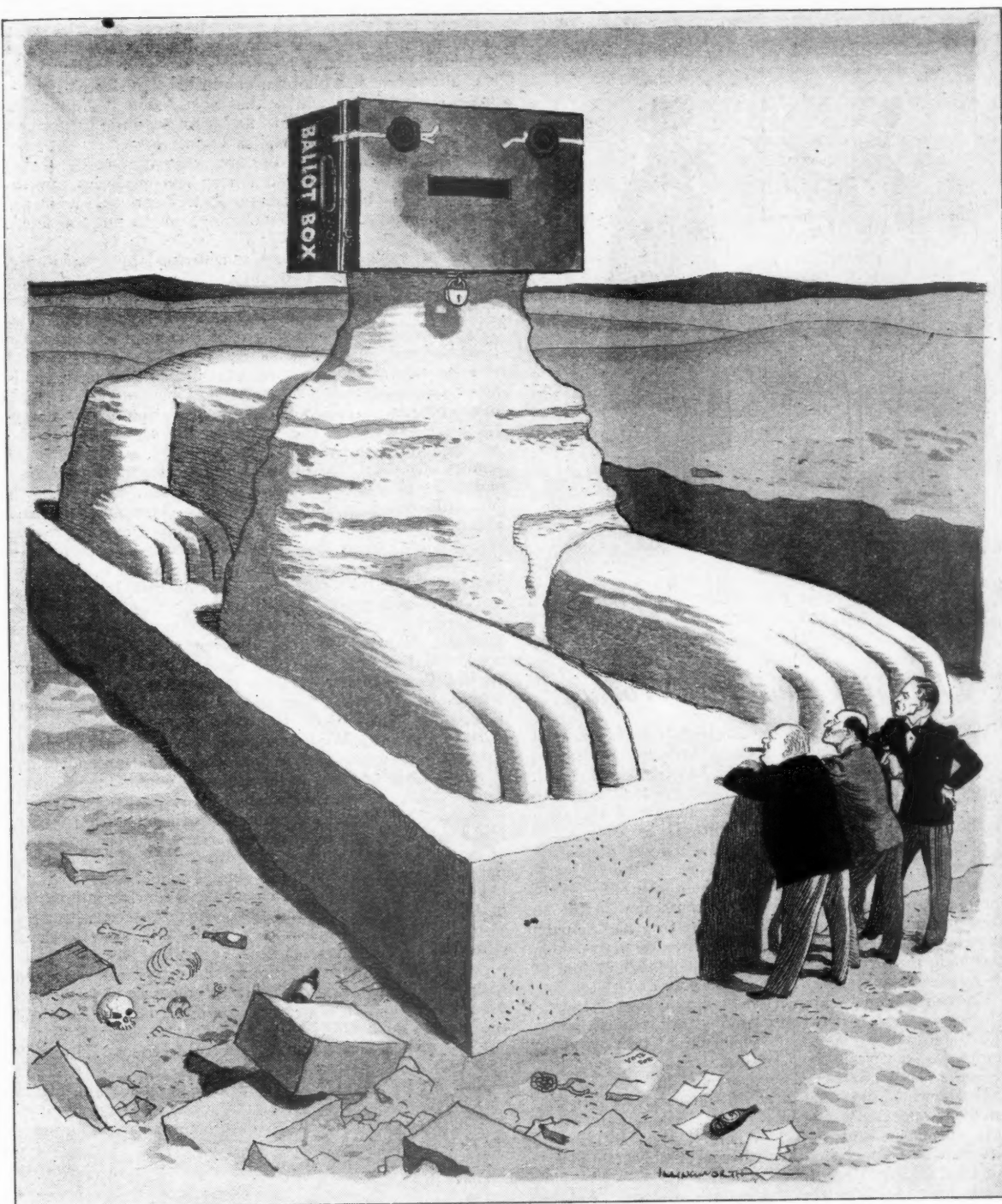
EVOE.

o o

The Civil Servant Complaineth of His Servitude.

HAPLESS the wight whom the dread sisters call
To earn a deadly living in Whitehall.

Slave of the pen, the telephone, the bell,
Of typists who can neither type nor spell,
Of Chiefs who chide, of Ministers who bore,
Of doing things always as they were done before.
He'll know the waste of days, the sinking fire,
The senile senior who will not retire,
The regimented life, the rationed pay,
The reeking third-class smoker twice a day—
Until at last, arising from the files,
The Goddess Superannuation smiles
And greets her pensioner with guerdons three:
Frustration, Bailiffs and the O.B.E.



THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX



"Your demobilization papers, X27—to be unsealed at 2400 hours, July 11th, memorized and burnt."

The Bird and the Worm

CONFRONTED almost simultaneously with two such works as *Darwin on Humus and the Earthworm* and *The Blackbird*, by A. F. C. Hillstead (both published by Faber, at 8/6 each), I find the temptation to shake them up together in a consideration of the Bird and the Worm almost—indeed, quite—irresistible. The first of these books is a reprint of Darwin's *The Formation of Vegetable Mould Through the Action of Worms, with Observations on their Habits*, which first appeared in 1881; the monograph on the blackbird is quite new. But to anyone grounded in proverbial philosophy they make a pair.

Darwin wrote better than Mr. Hillstead writes, this being made up for by the difference in popular appeal of their respective subjects. It is, I imagine, axiomatic that the blackbird is more attractive in appearance than the earthworm. Any earthworms among my readers must resign themselves to this fact, which might be proved by a comparison between the handsome photographs in Mr. Hillstead's book and the engravings in Darwin's—if indeed Darwin's did offer any of the earthworm itself. Actually it offers only one of the earthworm's alimentary canal: authentic and well-documented, but lacking in chiaroscuro and displaying the rather mechanical symmetry of a folded ink-blot design.

Well, let's go into the subject thoroughly. Let us search for common denominators, beginning in the least promising department. Appearance, now. The blackbird has a yellow or orange-tawny bill (you know your Housman, you know your Shakespeare); but even the worm has—it may surprise you—a mouth, with a projecting upper and

lower lip. That it has a head I wouldn't go so far as to maintain, but Darwin constantly refers to what he calls its anterior extremity, which you will agree is better than nothing. It has no eyes—a heavy disadvantage when one considers all the beady black eyes that stare challengingly out of most of the photographs in Mr. Hillstead's book—but it is sensitive to light, so that when suddenly illuminated it "dashes like a rabbit into its burrow—to use the expression employed by a friend," as Darwin says.

Nor has it any ears, or any sense of hearing (being "indifferent to shouts"); but if we're considering appearance only, the blackbird has no obvious ears either, though it can hear a good deal—including, not to put too fine a point on it, worms.

But of course we are not considering appearance only. Let's try an abstract quality. A comparison of what may be called the respective enterprise of our subjects (I find difficulty in getting any variety into my nomenclature; true, Mr. Hillstead does at one point refer to the blackbird as "our sooty friend," but Darwin, as far as I can see, never calls the worm anything but a worm) yields some surprising results. Off-hand, I hazard, you'd think of the bird as the footloose one, the gay explorer, the cheerful adventurer, and the worm as the stay-at-home, the stick-(literally)-in-the-mud? So should I, and broadly, of course, we should be quite right; but the division is not nearly as clear-cut as might be expected. According to Mr. Hillstead it is simply not known how much moving about blackbirds do. Some young birds "begin a roving commission" when their parents cease to help them with food, but others never travel very far from where they were hatched. But the worm, too, leaves his little burrow "on a voyage of discovery," usually at night, to find somewhere else to live; his tracks were traced by Darwin "up to fifteen yards." Allowing for the difference in the respective worlds of the worm and the bird—one whole dimension, to put it no higher—this is quite an expedition. The worm has no cause to hang its anterior extremity in shame before the blackbird on this particular count.

But on others? Well, for one thing worms are cannibals; a characteristic we find it hard to look on as endearing. I admit that the scientific attitude ought to be proof against such feelings, but it isn't. A critical point of view is noticeable from time to time in both our authors. Mr. Hillstead, for example, when remarking that the posturing of male blackbirds during courtship can be of two distinct patterns, adds disdainfully that "some individuals, I have observed, make use of a somewhat clumsy combination of both"; and Darwin did not scruple to accuse certain worms of being "careless or slovenly" in their work of stopping up the ends of their burrows. He even went so far in one instance, discussing the way worms behaved with pine-needles, as apparently to give way to irritation: "one worm tried in a senseless manner to drag them into the burrow by bending them."

I see this worm as a sort of subterranean Mortimer Snerd . . .

Now for the Song. As Mr. Hillstead says, "the blackbird is one of the most attractive of our resident songsters . . . it possesses a really wonderful voice . . . The notes are rich in tone . . ."

The earthworm, on the other hand—
Don't be silly!

R. M.

Doing His Best

"My husband has been absolutely single-minded to serve the Army," she said. "He has thought of nothing day and night for two-and-a-half years."—*Welsh paper.*

The Memoirs of Mipsie

By Blanche Addle of Eigg

XXI—"Millicent"

I FEEL that I should really apologize to my dear readers for this chapter, because it is largely about myself, which is a sad come-down from the colourful details of my beautiful sister's life.

After the tragic news of the revolution in her late husband's country and her own bankruptcy in consequence, Mipsie had once more to face the grim phantom of starvation—or starvation only slightly removed by the £3,000 a year allowed her by Bovo. Accordingly she was forced to tackle yet again the problem of earning her living. She decided to open a hat shop.

She had found a charming little house in the depths of Mayfair, with a shop on the ground floor. The only difficulty was the price, which was high. But here she was helped by her new son-in-law, Sir Basil Warpe, whose engagement to her only daughter, Millie, Mipsie had bitterly opposed at first (he had gained his fortune and title from coconut matting, which is indeed a terrible thought in connection with a duke's daughter). But when my sister had seen him and learnt how kind and generous he was—he agreed to finance the whole of her new venture—she realized instantly that he was one of Nature's gentlemen, and that solid worth was better than blue blood. The happy pair were married in the spring of 1919, and a month later Mipsie opened her new shop under her own name of "Millicent."

For a while I saw little of her. She was frantically busy, working day and night, she told me, to make a success. Then suddenly I got a wire from her: "MUST GO TO THE GRAND PRIX TO SEE THE FASHIONS. CAN YOU KEEP AN EYE ON THE SHOP." Thus began my own career in trade.

It wasn't until the following winter that I turned to designing millinery myself. The reason was that the stock was getting low, Mipsie having been away in Paris more and more, seeking the right models. (She has such a high standard.) One day I happened to bring up to London, for re-covering, an old red silk lampshade, and to leave it carelessly on the counter. To my surprise a customer (an old friend of mine, Lady de Rusk, who is rather shortsighted) took it up quite naturally and tried it on, saying "This is nice and light to wear. I hate

heavy hats. How do I look, Blanche?" In a flash I had draped a veil over the top and a feather round the rim. "Connie," I told her, "it's your hat." She bought it!

That night I could hardly sleep for excitement and making plans for the future. I have always had rather original ideas, many of which I have passed on through these pages, so it may be imagined with what joy I entered, during the coming weeks, into the new and thrilling sphere of a creative artist. Scraps of lace from my piece-drawer, peacocks' feathers, fir cones, old Shetland shawls dyed and stretched over wire frames, worn bedroom rugs, the best parts cut out and used in toques—all these contributed to what I could truthfully call "original models." Some of course were more successful than others. Before I learnt that feathers must be baked before use, I made one customer a lovely Ascot hat from the plumage of one of our White Wyandottes, which she brought back to me in a condition which demanded, sad to say, its instant destruction. Another hat, with a pretty design in fish-bones sewn on to velvet ribbon with raffia, was returned and I had to refund the cost price because a cat had eaten a large part of the crown. On the other hand I had my successes, my real triumph being when I was asked to design the millinery for a whole West End theatrical production—a play called *The Cranks*. How proud I felt at seeing Mipsie's name on the programme which they sent me—alas, I did not see the play. My work was keeping me away from home more than I really liked, and though Addle never complained, I sensed that he felt it, so made a point of getting back to Bengers directly the shop shut.

After that success came sudden disaster. A charming model I had made of tree bark, painted in gay scarlet enamel, unfortunately melted in a hot room and stuck fast to its owner's hair, most of which she had to have cut off in consequence. She brought an action against "Millicent" and was awarded damages. I insisted, against Mipsie's protests (she had to return to England for the case of course), on paying these myself, as it was my fault, and then urged her to go at once, as she had planned, to Cannes, where she said the sea air

always gave her inspiration. It meant my remaining in London instead of going to Scotland with Addle, but that couldn't be helped.

Two days after she had departed an extraordinary thing happened. A little elderly man, with a parchment yellow face and the air of a lawyer, suddenly appeared in the shop one day and asked to buy the business. He was acting for an interested party, he said. I cabled to Mipsie, who wired back asking £14,000—just double what she had paid for it, but after all there was now the goodwill, which amounted to quite a lot, for the notoriety of the case had filled the shop. I communicated the price to the agent, who accepted it instantly, without one quibble. "Millicent" was sold!

Now comes the strange part. I was resting on my bed (for truth to tell I had found the almost daily visits to town decidedly tiring) one day during the next week, thinking how brilliant Mipsie was to have made 100 per cent. profit in so short a time, when I heard voices on the terrace. What was my astonishment, on looking from my window, to see Addle in close conversation with—my little parchment lawyer! When I got downstairs my husband was alone in the library, doing his press-cutting book and humming contentedly. I told him what I had seen.

"Nonsense, my dear," he answered to my amazement. "You must have been dreaming. I've been here the whole afternoon. You're over-tired, that's what it is, but Scotland will soon put you right."

Which it did. But I ask my dear readers, can any of you explain the reason for that extraordinary hallucination? M. D.

o o

Rubáiyát of a Reviewer

AND much though each new book keeps lit my light,
Defrauding me of sleep by dubious sleight,

I often wonder what the authors read
One half so rotten as the stuff they write.

o o

Cri du Cœur

"Lady with one child 2½ years old seeks situation as Housekeeper. oGod cook."
Advt. in S. African paper.

Letter to the Disfranchized Electors of Oxford University

A CRYING SCANDAL

THOUSANDS of university men, sober, honest and God-fearing, permeated through and through with the spirit of Oxford's dreaming spires, are to-day denied the satisfaction of a university vote. It is to you, you the disfranchized electors, you who by accident or design have failed to submit yourselves to the reactionary mumbo-jumbo of Graduation, that I address myself to-day.



You are men of the world now. Forty, fifty, sixty years have passed since some of you last cracked a bottle of port over the Dean's head or talked metaphysics into the small hours in your room in Tom Quad. But you are still *in statu pupillari*. Something of the vigour and freshness of youth is with you still. You are no dry-as-dust *baccalaurei*, condemned by the imposition of a degree to walk with the mien and ape the solemn visage of a Fellow or a Lecturer. The Proctors may get you yet.

Have you never paused to think of the monstrous injustice of the denial of your right to vote? Pause now! Think now! Ask yourself whether you are less fitted to speak—and vote—for Oxford than many a man who has the right to flaunt a moth-eaten hood. There may be a hundred reasons why you decided not to take your degree. Perhaps you had not the necessary fiver by you at the time. Perhaps the Final Schools did not appeal to your type of mind. Or it may be that you gave yourself too freely in Oxford's service on the playing-fields to do yourself full justice on the academic side. Does Oxford scruple on that account to claim you for her own when you go on, in a wider sphere, to represent your country at Twickenham or Lord's? She does not. "Oxford and England" appears unfailingly and in brackets after your name. You have a right—more, you have a duty, to be represented in the counsels of your country's Parliament.

MY CLAIMS

I am fully qualified to represent you.

I hold no degree of any kind whatsoever. A complete list of the degrees and distinctions that I do not hold would occupy too much space in these days of restricted paper supplies, and for the present the simple statement must suffice. But there is a further circumstance that gives me a special claim on your attention.

I spent four full years at the University without taking a degree. Only a handful of men, I dare to say, have had so long an experience of ungraduated life at Oxford.

I have always tried to keep alive and strong in my heart the eager, untarnished, *hopeful* spirit of the undergraduate. I speak now, not for the High Table, not for the Senior Common Room, not for the arid Nabobs of the Hebdomadal Council, but for the carefree, strolling life of the Corn and the Quads, the indomitable outlook of the J.C.R.

Why not trust me?

WHAT DO I STAND FOR?

I stand for a vote for all Oxford's sons, graduated or not, and not excluding those sent down in their second year. I do not consider that men sent down in their first year have imbibed enough of the spirit of the place to be worthy of a voice in her counsels; or, if they have, they have imbibed it too quickly.

I stand for a strong, free Britain, rather than a weak country, prostrated by slavery.

I said in 1936 "There ought to be enough food for everybody," and I see no reason to abate one jot or tittle of the views I expressed nearly ten years ago. I am particularly keen on there being enough potatoes to go round, and I shall continue to demand more potatoes on every occasion on which I can make my voice heard. But I am not bigoted. If there are not enough potatoes I shall make do with turnips or rice.

I stand for the abolition of the *bicycle* in Oxford. The sole reason for the introduction of bicycles among undergraduates was to avoid too much of a rush between lectures. This is wrong-headed. The proper way to avoid a rush between lectures is not to attend more than one a day. This reform would also tend to increase the number of my supporters *vis-à-vis* the graduates.

I am unalterably opposed to Cambridge. I shall vote against every measure put forward by a Cambridge man, and I shall attack with unsparing vigour any party which has a majority of Cantabs in its ranks. *No other University candidate* can boast such a clear-cut political programme as that.

HOW CAN YOU VOTE FOR ME?

You can't. But if you believe that you ought to be represented, put a sixpenny stamp against my name and send it to me as early as possible. Given a sufficient number of backers, I shall then be in a position to devote more of my time to your cause. I hope in due course to publish a yellow book attacking the official University candidates, quoting instances of false quantities, grammatical blunders, etc., in their public speeches and, if possible, repeating remarks they may have made at sherry-parties about rival Colleges and Professors. I shall call the book *Oxford Bags*, with an illustration of a sportsman bringing down a brace of Professors to point the joke.

And remember, whatever happens, I shall always remain, shoulder to shoulder with you, *in statu pupillari*.

Affix your stamp now.

Hampstead Heath,
1 July 1945

H. F. E.	Stamp here
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"WITH IMMEDIATE VACANT POSSESSION NEW MILTON. Attractive Bungalow Residence, recently redecorated throughout, 3 Bedrooms, Bathroom, 22 Sitting-rooms, Kitchen; all main services; garage; good garden."—*Advt. in Hants paper.*

What, only one?

Art News and Notes

THE great difficulty about forging a Vermeer (I always find) is that you have to be able to paint something like Vermeer, and the great trouble with Vermeer was that he never painted quite like anyone else. And that goes for other masters too, though in a lesser degree. There are other troublesome details these days, what with X-rays and chemical tests, and I am not at all sure that a good forger does not earn every penny he makes . . . provided he deals only with experts who can pronounce his works genuine and does not try to sell Titians to poor old incompetent millionaires who have enough worries as it is. Forgery is much harder than you might think.

But a new element has crept (or is going to creep very soon) into the art market. The familiar safeguards against forgery have gone. No forger's lack of skill is going to protect anyone, and no expert's opinion will be worth a sou. I refer of course to the paintings, genuine and spurious, of the late (or late enough) Adolf Hitler. Many collectors are going to pay large sums for Hitler's paintings if any can be found, and you can bet that plenty will therefore be found all right. It would be the easiest thing in the world to paint a thousand bogus Hitlers in as many days, and not one expert alive to-day could prove for certain that they were fakes.

In some ways it doesn't matter very much to me. I have neither the money nor the morbidity to collect Hitlers. I haven't even the stamina to look at them. I'd much sooner collect rattlesnakes, myself. And yet I feel I must warn others. Why should I care if forgers dupe a man who is silly enough to want a genuine Hitler? I am not sure. Of course there is some streak of bossyness in all of us that makes us want to save people from their own wits. There are few pleasures keener than that of telling people they are about to make a mistake; it shares none of the meanness of telling people that they *have* made a mistake, and yet it makes you feel just as powerful and experienced . . . more so, really, for you may be able to influence their future instead of merely criticizing their past. And with this sense of power goes a feeling of generosity. But apart from the satisfaction of warning the innocent, there is the whole business of imitations that are indistinguishable from originals and therefore just as valuable. Nothing



"Never mind—eat it up, just to please me."

maddens us connoisseurs more than that. It frustrates us, somehow, even when we care as little for a genuine Hitler as for a fake one. When a fraud not only *seems* as valuable but actually *is* as valuable as the real MacKay, then connoisseurship (or possibly connoitring) will come to an end. It is all a matter of principle, I suppose. At any rate, we don't like it.

The French and American soldiers who strolled through the tunnels and caverns of Berchtesgaden shoving their fists through the paintings were well-meaning enough. Their job was all right as far as it went. As one of them said to me, "We don't want to have to

do this all over again twenty-five years from now." But has it freed the market from Hitlers? I think not. No, the only measure that will protect the world is a definite and authoritative statement from the United Nations, saying that every genuine Hitler has been destroyed . . . and a good thing, too. After that, every alleged Hitler will be worthless. At least, I hope so.

Impending Apology

"For the Stapleford competition held on the Hoylake Municipal course, fifty cads were taken out."—*Cheshire paper*.



"Back from dear old London, eh? I bet you miss riding round in the fog all the time in those old bansom cabs!"

Silk Stockings in Lambeth

"WELL, well," said Mr. Joseph Pinkin as he opened the front door of 61 Cosham House, Lambeth, to admit Mr. and Mrs. Stusser "if it isn't you."

"Then who iss it?" Mrs. Stusser demanded. She glanced at Mr. Pinkin's immobile features. "Visecrack," she said.

"Othervisecrack," said Mr. Stusser *sotto voce*.

"P'raps you'd like me ter bring the chairs inter the 'all," Mrs. Pinkin shouted from the living-room. "Or are we gointer stand an' grow good?"

"Y'r legs wouldn't last *that* long," said Mr. Pinkin, following the visitors in.

"Halloo, Missis Pinkin!" Mrs. Stusser cried. "How you keepink?"

"Busy," said Mrs. Pinkin, attacking another sock with a darning-needle.

Mr. Pinkin sank into an easy-chair. "'Ard work never killed no one," he observed.

"Huh!" said Mrs. Pinkin. "Nobody'll ever catch *you* tryin' ter prove it. But I shouldn't grouch," she continued, "consid'rin' the lovely present I got."

"Prasant!" Mrs. Stusser exclaimed. "Weddink anna-voisary maybe?"

"We don't cellerbrate *that*," Mrs. Pinkin said. "No, I've 'ad a parcel from Perce. 'E's on leave in Bruzzles." "Belgium," Mr. Pinkin explained.

Mrs. Pinkin snorted. "Wimmin aren't mental four-year-olds," she said.

"Sorry," said Mr. Pinkin. "I thought they was conceited enough ter think so."

"Perce alwars was one f'r rememberin' 'is Mum," Mrs. Pinkin said. "When 'e remembered to, that is." She opened a small box. "A pair of reel silk fully-fashioned. They don't come no sheerer."

"Unbelievable!" said Mrs. Stusser. "Someone should give me soch a prasant, I should drop dead."

"Care to sell, Missis Pinkin?" Mr. Stusser said hopefully. "I'd give planty."

"I can't understand the fuss wimmin make about silk stockings," Mr. Pinkin said.

"P'raps wimmin can't understand the fuss men make of girls 'oo wear 'em," said Mrs. Pinkin. She sighed. "You useter like me dressin' ter please you."

"I still do," said Mr. Pinkin—"ekkeronomical."

"Dun't worry, Annie," Mrs. Stusser said. "You gotta son loves you."

"I *am* worried reely," said Mrs. Pinkin. "Soon as Perce wrote 'e was goin' ter Bruzzles, Tillie started wonderin' wot 'e'd buy. When she finds all 'e's sent 'er is a letter she'll explode. I can't think where she gets 'er 'asty temper."

"Not from you," said Mr. Pinkin. "You've still got y'r full supply."

"We'll 'ave ter use tac'," Mrs. Pinkin said. "We c'n all be cheerful f'r a while—"

"Charicter actin', eh?" said Mr. Pinkin.

"An' then," Mrs. Pinkin continued, "I'll jus' tell 'er casual-like."

"I bet the noise she creates'll make *Il Trovatoor* seem like a 'ush by comparison," said Mr. Pinkin. He poured two glasses of beer. "Bes' respec's, Stusser, ole man," he said, "an' may all y'r wishes come true."

"Sssh!" said Mr. Stusser. "Bella's a mind-reader."

"I dun't read *yours* offen," Mrs. Stusser said. "Soch small print!"

The front door closed thunderously and Miss Tillie Pinkin swept into the room. "What a frillin' film!" she said. "It was so true to life, it was almos' real."

"Learnt a bit more about 'oodwinkin' men?" said Mr. Pinkin.

"If such a remark wasn't beneath contempt I'd treat it with it," Tillie said. "I believe 'avin' two sexes is a reckernized fact. Correck me if I'm wrong."

"Y'r Pa's not 'imself," said Mrs. Pinkin, "—not that 'e ever is. There's a letter f'r you from Perce."

"Well," Tillie said when she had read it, "'e says 'e's

THE sound of strife has died away,
We've celebrated VE Day.
From Iceland to the shores of Greece
Our thoughts are turned to ways of peace.
But stay awhile, lest we forget,
The war is not quite over yet.
We can't lie back and take a nap
Until we've finished off the Jap.
And in the meantime, if you please,
The merchantmen must sail the seas
To carry food, men and supplies
To "somewhere" under eastern skies.
Airmen and soldiers, seamen too
Still have a job of work to do.
That's why we carry on in London,
Mr. PUNCH'S COMFORTS FUND.

See what I mean? I have a hunch
You won't say "No" to Mr. Punch.

Donations will be most gratefully received and acknowledged by him at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

'avin' nice weather, the Belgium're nice, an' 'im an' Tubby Duttle 'ad a nice time talkin' over the nice times they useter 'ave."

"That's nice," said Mrs. Pinkin. "Send you anythin'?"

"Is love," Tillie said. "What else should 'e? 'E's in the forces, remember, not earnin' a livin'."

"Well!" said Mrs. Pinkin. "The way you talked lars' week—"

"I was jus' lettin' me imagination run riot, that's all," Tillie said. "Same as people talk about 'avin' fine weather f'r 'olidays."

Mrs. Stusser smiled expansively. "Momma's gotta prasant," she said.

"From Perce," said Mrs. Pinkin, opening the box again.

"Cool!" Tillie said. "Still, if anyone deserves things givin' 'em, it's you. They must 'ave cost a pretty penny."

"Fancy franc," said Mr. Pinkin.

"You oughta get double rations, Pa," Tillie said. "You talk enough f'r two."

"Aren't you jealous?" Mrs. Stusser inquired.

"Me?" Tillie said. "I admire 'em—as 'oo wouldn't?—but there's nothin' I begrudge Ma."

"You gotta beauidful netcher," said Mrs. Stusser. "Beauidful."

"It's bin a 'ell of a time croppin' up," said Mr. Pinkin.

"Perce can't afford presents f'r us both," Tillie said.

"It's only right 'e should think Ma more important than me."

"It's uncanny," said Mr. Pinkin, folding his hands over his waistcoat. "I 'aven't seen such a change in a female since y'r Mum married me. This time of course it's f'r the better."

"If they fenced round all the room f'r improvement you've got," Tillie said, "they'd 'ave a Nashnal Park. Gointer try 'em on, Ma?"

"Keepin' 'em f'r special," Mrs. Pinkin said stolidly.

"There's no 'arm in 'avin' a re'earsal," Tillie urged.

Mrs. Pinkin went out to adorn herself. Three minutes later she returned sadly. "Well," she said, "if that don't take the ship's biscuit."

"You 'aven't laddered 'em?" Tillie shouted.

"No," said Mrs. Pinkin. "They're too small. It shows 'ow Perce idealizes me—'e thinks of me as a dainty little thing."

Mr. Pinkin coughed convulsively.

"Oh, well," Tillie said. "What is to be will be, an' now it's gorn an' been it. After all, it's the thought as counts."

"Of course it is," said Mrs. Pinkin. "'E idealizes me, bless 'is 'eart."

"Parheps they fit you," Mrs. Stusser suggested.

"No," Tillie said, "they're Ma's. I couldn't—"

"You may's well try," said Mrs. Pinkin, gazing into the middle-distance.

Tillie tried.

"See!" said Mrs. Stusser. "Poifick! You gotta beauidful netcher, so you gotta reward. That's life!"

* * * * *

Later, in her bedroom, Tillie re-read the postscript to her brother's letter. "You certinly saved me a lot of dough," it said. "I follered your advice and bought Ma a present of stockings your size, hoping it turns out like you said about he gives twice as gives crafty."

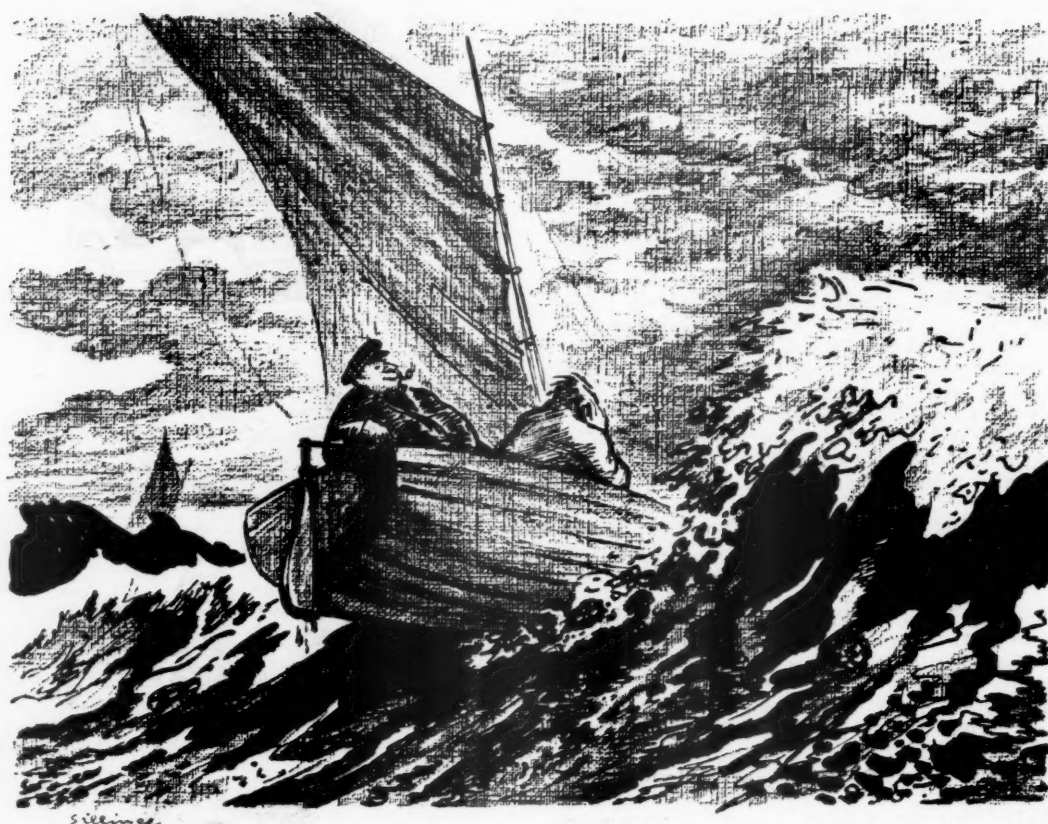
"P'raps I shouldn't of," Tillie said to herself, "but you're only young once. Or is it once too often?"

Going Up?

"Escalator Staircase, suitable for bungalow, as new."

Advt. in Kent paper.





"D' you remember your last trip with me in the summer of '39, sir, when you was took so queer?"

Who Goes Home? or *The Engineers' Farewell*

WHAT'S all the cheering in
Number two bay?
 Who's raising all the din
 Over the way?
 What's all the shine about?
 Why do the *tool-room* shout?
 Who are they drumming out?
 Who goes to-day?

Chorus:

Rat—tat—tat—tat
 Rat-at-at-at-at-at!
 Who's seen the N.S.O.*
 The N.S.O.
 The N.S.O.?
 Oh, who's seen the N.S.O.?
 Who goes home?

Back to his office stool
Foundryman Bill,

* National Service Officer

Into the labour pool
 Frank on the drill;
 Jill from the *moulding-shop*
 (Jill with the ginger mop!)
 Back to the cone and cop,
 Back to the mill.

Free of the *capstan* goes
 Jim to his store,
 Kitty of *progress* knows
 Limelights once more;
 Joan of the *A.I.D.**
 Bending a pretty knee
 Fits wedges—broad size three—
 On a size four.

Hearts are despairing for
Centre-lathe Ann
 Bent on preparing for
 Home and her man;

† Aircraft Inspection Department

Countering ladies' hose,
 Layering welts to toes,
 Back to the warehouse goes
Storekeeper Dan.

Martha's forsaking the
Cloakroom for flats,
 Charing and shaking the
 Rugs and the mats;
 June of the *final*, who
 Checked up each nut and screw
 Goes to design the new
 Crazes in hats.

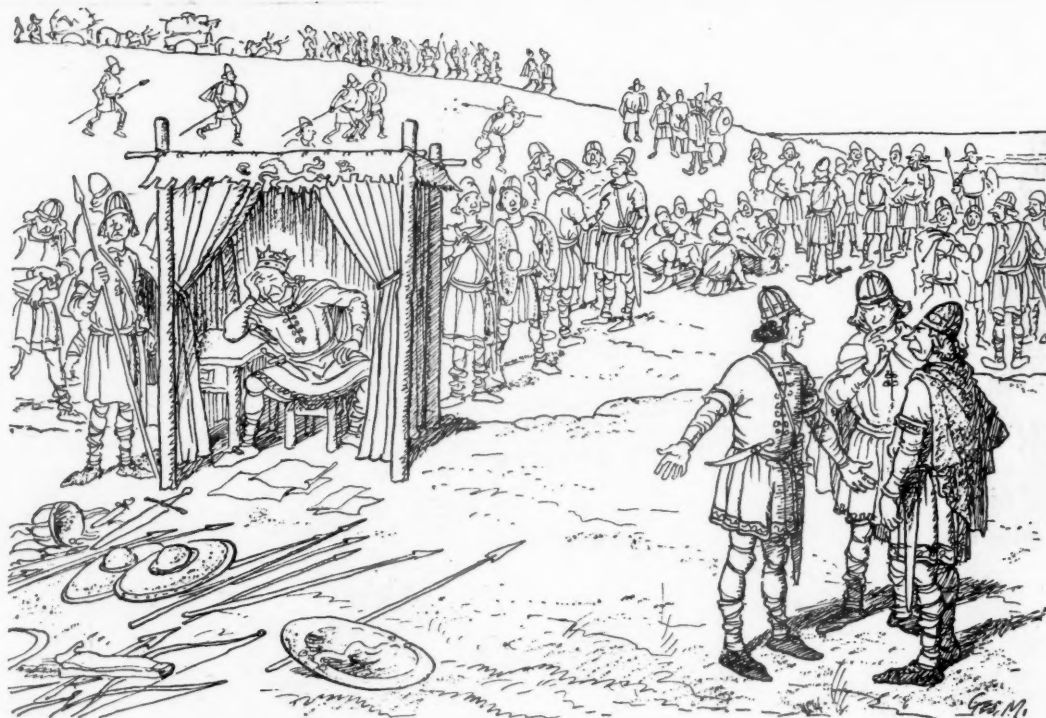
Final chorus:

Rat—tat—tat—tat
 Rat-at-at-at-at-at!
 Who goes? I don't know!
 You don't know!
 He don't know!
 Ask the bloomin' N.S.O.
 Who goes home!



MONS TO BERLIN

"Well, the boys have got there at last."



"I don't think our group will be released for another twelve months; King Ethelred's plans are still far from being complete."

A Great People

DO you know why I took a photy just then of *that* spot, mister?" said the American, looking into the lens, as if he expected to see there the very picture he had taken, then letting the camera swing idly in his hand as he looked at the river before pointing out to me the exact spot he had immortalized. "My folks will be mighty interested when I show them that."

From my seat on the river bank I prepared like any other Englishman possessing local knowledge (which was much sought after by the regulars in the Home Guard days) to disclose a little of it courteously to the visitor. But I had hardly removed the pipe from my mouth to point when he proceeded.

"That's where I fell in," he told me.

Presently he motioned down stream pensively.

"Yeah, and I took another photy there, a while back. That's where a gel I was out with lahst her het."

gestured. "We was cummin round the bend there, me with the long pole, and her with her het on, and some gust of wind, she reckoned, lifted this little het of hers right off'n her head. It was an Ascot het too, so she told me efter."

I now prepared to indicate the approximate direction in which Ascot lay, and to tell my friend something else about that district, but he went on stubbornly.

"Yeah. Thet het. It floated, mister, on the water quite a while, and then a friend of mine came by in a canoe and tried to trap it with a boat-huke. Yeah. I told him efter he shouldn't have done it, not to an Ascot het like this gel's. He knocked it clean to the bottom, trying. We leaned right over, this gel and me, and we could see the het there resting down among the weeds, so I rolled up my sleeve and tried to reach it for her, but I couldn't, and a lot of G.I.s come by, singing, and they all tried to harpoon it, and the like, until I thought it would be

sorta kinder if we left the scene. In fact the gel said if I didn't she was goin' to give one awful scream right in their faces and then jump in too." He paused to relive the scene a moment, fondling the camera-case the while. "It was an Ascot het," he said.

I shifted in my seat and made ready to put in my spoke.

"I got a photy of the place," he said. "The folks will like to see that when I get back home. It kinda makes the story, don't you think, if you can show the place."

"You were saying, were you not, that just here . . ."

"I fell in. Yeah, well, I snapped a pole by leaning on it. I was in my best pence tu. And when I come up I could just make out my gel friend in the punt some way ahead. She reckoned afterwards it was my last thrust did it. Sort of powerful, she said. Most of the guys who use them poles right seem to be only little guys. I went back with her to the place where she lived, by

train, all wet. I sat in a compartment with a pool of water forming round my feet, and there was an old guy sitting opposite who kept on looking at me sideways, like he was shy or suthin. I said to him in the end 'Waal, dad, ain't you ever goin' to ask me how I come to get so wet?' And he just said 'I can see that, thanks.' And then he looked at me again a little after and he said 'You are American, ain't you?' And I says 'Yeah . . . so what?' And he says 'So you spoilt your pence!' And he got out at the station. When we got to the gel's home she said I ought to hev a drop of Scotch to warm me, and she poured me out a good one, till I had to say it tasted more like apple cider, and not too-good cider at that. But she still would have it that this was her father's Scotch, until we had a smell at the decanter, and it turned out to be sherry; sherry and soda is a no-good drink, sir, specially as a stimulant if you're all wet, and there was too much soda anyway. Her father came in presently, and did he give her hell . . . not for mixing me a duffy one. No, sir. But just for wasting his best sherry. Said it was hard to come by. And he had no Scotch anyway. That's just where I fell in. Just there."

"You will also be able to tell them," I insisted, taking my pipe from my mouth again, "that this particular stretch of the Thames . . ."

He put his camera back in his case, adjusted the sling, chewed dreamily, and gave me a farewell salute.

"Yeah . . . well, that's where I fell in, mister . . . and that's where she laht her het. That's all my folk are goin' to be interested in."

"After all," I mentioned as he walked away, "why should we be interested in the Henley Regatta course?"

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Les German Admirals

NAVAL Party 20000 had virtually no VE Day at all. Twenty-four hours and the thing was over, never again to rear its u. head. And this is because we discovered that under the surrender terms we had more than something to do, were implicated to a degree, and that the first implications in the form of a delegation of three German admirals were upon us, here in Pernod-les-Douches—"any moment now" was the phrase that Lieut.-Commander Shamus coined for it.

There was a preliminary and excessively low-level debate on the obvious

problems of accommodation, interpreting, and what do we do if they give the Nazi salute. Third Officer "Bung" McKillick, W.R.N.S., all woman-like, wished to shoot them and hang them and have done with it, but we became very masculine about the Geneva Convention, the Rules of War and the Grand Remonstrance, and this overawed her. The matter then got lifted on to a higher plane and someone was found who had learnt German at his prep. school, which solved the interpreter business, and someone else produced the slogan "Courteous but firm," which settled the how-do-we-treat-them doubts on a democratically individualistic basis. Accommodation alone remained as a dilemma, and the really mighty ones fixed this by throwing three captains out of their caravans and casting them upon the mercies of Paris; so everyone was satisfied.

The Marines positively leapt into action, and, Major Brush himself superintending, whisked three caravans off and enclosed them in shining barbed wire all in a matter of minutes. A sentry was produced with equal speed, complete with Sten gun, revolvers, torch and an enormous board of Orders in writing, all of which he carried on his person. The Officer of the Day borrowed my gloves and we were ready for the off.

The first impression was not good, because the German admirals (short title G.A.s) immediately complained of the discomfort of their caravans (*Lebensraum*). However, investigation having shown that the Royal Marines in their fervour had towed away mobile W/T workshops instead of our captains' luxury sleeping models, our views were modified, and our guests became co-operative to what would have been a nauseating extent had we not realized that they undoubtedly imagined they were loyally helping us against the Bolshevik plutohordes and/or Transatlantic gangsterdom. We did nothing to disturb their illusions.

What difficulties there were in the subsequent proceedings were entirely on our side. The Navigating Officer found that the German he had learnt at his prep. school bore no relation to what he described as the nautical patois employed by the G.A.s, and there was considerable misunderstanding until we discovered by hazard that the G.A.s spoke a completely fluent English. The pilot took his deposition badly and has since gone very Vansittart. Our other problem was Captain Kay, our Staff Officer (Minesweeping). Captain Kay lives, eats and thinks mines. They are to

him as little children. In his dreams he strokes their little horns and pats their little period-delay mechanisms. He believes that song-titles like "Don't Go Down the Mine, Daddy," and "You're Mine" were written in the Admiralty by the Director of Minesweeping. His only joke is people with bald heads and this is because they somehow remind him of mines. He has the rapt, ascetic face of an Inquisitor, and would as willingly go to the stake as send someone else for the good of his flock (moored or ground). When, therefore, the Intelligent ones unearthed a dossier which described one of the G.A.s as a "gloomy man, living only for mine-sweeping," Kay positively kindled. "A brother!" we could hear him think, "a co-religionist! One who *understands!*"

It required a great deal of very forceful chatter in the Senior Mess to persuade Captain Kay that von Hochstein was not repeat NOT a co-belligerent. I think it was only the taunt that he wished to add an Iron Cross to his already vast collection of medals that shook his modest soul into compliance. I believe he really thought we meant it.

One other thing is worthy of record. The G.A.s expressed a desire for "non-political" reading matter for their leisure hours. There was in "Bung" McKillick's instant readiness to be of service in the matter something significant to those who know her normal attitude to work. She was not seen for a little while and then surfaced with a remarkable collection ranging from *Little Women* to a gardening A.B.C., and including such things as *Brush Up Your Pongosee*, Mrs. Beeton and the *Manual of Seaman-ship—Part I*, none of which had ever before been known to form part of our amenities. She also very sympathetically added, by way of leavening, a large collection of the illustrated weeklies, only a fortnight old. That happened to be the week they all contained those remarkably graphic pictures of Buchenwald and Belsen. A considerate young woman, "Bung": she should go far.

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Suite

"SET.—Queen Anne Dining Table, 4 Chairs, 9 ft. x 4 ft. expanding; also half skeleton."—*Advt. in Liverpool paper.*

o o
"RABBITS

Breeding hutch for sale, with dough."
Advt. exhibited at Gunnersbury.

Self-raising?

Eve of the Poll

BEFORE the great eve-of-the-poll meeting in the Municipal Baths it was noticed that Mr. Rabbit, the National Progressive Candidate, was excited and overwrought.

When he rose to speak there was the usual mixture of cheers, cat-calls and derisive cries with which the British people delight to honour a fellow-citizen who has offered to serve them in Parliament. Mr. Rabbit's eyes suddenly shone with an unnatural brilliance, and with vehement gestures he spoke as follows:

"Scum! Sheep! Ingrates! Idiots! Do not suppose, as some of you seem to suppose, that I come before you, hat in hand, asking you for favours, asking you to put me in some position of affluence and comfort. I have come—Heaven knows why—with an offer of *service*, to give you the rare, the unique opportunity of having ME as your servant and representative in that overrated restaurant at Westminster.

For ten years I have served you—and the State—already. For ten years I have neglected my business and my family, damaged my digestion and cut short my sleep, to be the Parliamentary voice and trumpet of Bumbleton West. And now that I offer my brain and body for sacrifice again—what happens? As I approach the meetings the grateful citizens greet me with boos and hisses; as I leave, a bottle is flung through the window of my car. While I expound the policy which I favour, the action I propose, there are wild cries about other subjects, or, more often, purely animal noises. At night men steal out and tear down my posters from the walls, or scribble childish rudenesses upon them. Last night an admiral, aged 70, came to speak for me: he was set upon by a soldier and suffered cuts about the eye. If I attempt to reason with you privately I am met with 'What about this?' or 'What about that?' or 'What about what Somebody said about So-and-so?'—matters which have no relevance and for which I have no responsibility. Few, even, of those whom, I know, support me, can sufficiently combat their apathy and sloth to clap their hands from time to time, much less to take my part against rudery or violence. It is unjust, I do not doubt, but sometimes I have the feeling that for ten years I have been representing a community of thugs and slugs, of the half-witted and the half-dead. If I were a convicted felon;

if I had betrayed you; if I had failed in my duty to my country, I could not have suffered greater humiliation at your hands. I have addressed fifty-seven meetings. I have motored a million miles; I have answered innumerable questions. I have been patient with imbecile chairmen and intoxicated soldiers. Now, for the last time I face you—Sheep! Scum! Idiots! Ingrates—complaining still, some of you, of a 'rushed election'. I tell you, Mr. Chairman, if this is a 'rushed' election, may Heaven preserve me from taking part in one that is deliberate and slow!

Why do we do these things? Why does any man of self-respect offer himself for election? The usual ass, of course, yells '£600 a year'. As I have told you, I believe, before, by the time we have settled the income tax, and the stamps, the secretary and other expenses there is about enough left, at current prices, for two gins and a hair-cut. And does even the half-wit who made that interjection suppose that any man able enough to obtain election could not earn £600 in some much more agreeable and less exhausting manner?

If self-seeking is the charge, my goodness, are you blood-suckers the ones to make it? Never have I been so shocked by human selfishness as in the last few days. Of all the countless yells and questions I have heard, how many have not been self-regarding and material? How many citizens have asked me if I believed in a strong Navy, what I proposed for the benefit of the Colonies, or the people of Poland, for the future of Education or India? Not one. *Your pay—your pensions—your food—your houses*—these are the only things in your minds—these are the only things that matter. I tell you I should hate to have it said of me that I 'represented' so many mean and grasping souls in Parliament or elsewhere.

Half-wits, I have had enough of it. It is too late, legally, to withdraw my candidature, but I warn you, if you dare to elect me, I shall apply for the Chiltern Hundreds next day. Go on! Put the other fellow in. What do I care? I'm rich. I've got a yacht. I shall go to the West Indies. I shan't be sent to North Wales to make boots. My daughters won't be directed to Dorset for land-work. Go on! Put the other fellow in. Nationalize everything! Internationalize everything else. Internationalize Malta and Gibraltar!

Internationalize the Isle of Wight! Give Australia to America and India to the Russians! Raise everybody's wages, and work an hour a day. And go on yelling and screaming at every meeting till you've made politics such a filthy pastime that no decent man will look at it. Go on! Put 'em in. And keep my deposit. I couldn't care less. Good-bye!" A. P. H.

News from Germany

MY DEAR MOTHER,—Well, it is over. We have voted. The Regiment has voted. No doubt the Brigade has voted. All over the world the troops have voted, but I doubt if you could have found a more election-minded unit than ours. Not that we are all politically conscious, but at least we have made the machinery work.

The election first reared its ugly head when the colonel suddenly vanished on the way home to become a candidate. The general view then was that, whatever party the colonel chose to support, he would give his opponents a very good run for their money. There was also an undercurrent of regret amongst the others that they hadn't thought of becoming candidates too. After all, four weeks in England is four weeks in England, even though you do have to spend some time on an election while you are there.

The second-in-command took over. He doesn't believe in elections—his proposal is that you should go through the telephone directories with a pin and choose 640 names that way, then order the 640 to be M.P.s—so the election talk died down a bit, until the day came when we had instructions to prepare for postal voting by the unit.

The instruction was very sensible. Obviously headquarters had realized that they could not lay down a cut-and-dried scheme for every unit everywhere, in all their differing circumstances. What they had done was to say that there must be ballot boxes and arrangements made so that the actual marking of the paper could be done by the men in secrecy, and left the rest to the unit to deal with. The keynote, it seemed, was that we should make the whole set-up for polling as much like a polling day as possible.

The first trouble was that no one seemed to remember a pre-war general election. Finally, we found an elderly major from a Mobile Bath unit and got him to give us a lecture on it. It did



not seem to be easy. The second-in-command was violently opposed to the idea of having election agents with big rosettes, which seemed to be a big feature of a pre-war polling day, and there were obvious difficulties in the way of covering the unit transport with election bills and using them to convey the men to the polls. Still, we did what we could. The main thing was to get the polling station itself reasonably authentic.

The adjutant was a help there. As a lawyer, he had been presiding officer at a municipal election just before the war and he got the carpenters to produce what he said were duplicates of a polling booth. The main points seemed to be that you should arrange them so that there was no light to see the ballot paper, no table or ledge on which to mark it and no pencil available sharp enough to sully the paper itself. We succeeded admirably in all three.

We made a ballot-box out of the strong-box for secret documents held

by the Regimental Office. That, the adjutant said, served two useful purposes. It gave him an alibi in case any secret documents were later found to be missing. It also gave him a chance to find out what documents he actually had left. He said, afterwards, that he found quite a number that he had certified as having been destroyed by burning months before.

Then the voting papers began to arrive and the regimental area became a litter of discarded election addresses. Finally we fixed our polling day and sat down to think how we could put up a really good show. The instruction said that we were not to induce men to vote or not to vote, which was rather a handicap. After all, we didn't want the Regiment to appear as a pretty slack lot of citizens. We soon overcame the difficulty. It was announced that those who wished to vote would be permitted to do so during the period when they would otherwise be doing early morning P.T. That had the added advantage of

getting the whole thing over pretty early in the day.

On the day itself we achieved our final triumph of verisimilitude. It rained continuously.

On the whole, I think we have done Parliament proud. The general view among the politically well-informed is that all the votes cast pretty well cancel each other out, but then I suppose that is part of the system too.

Your loving son HAROLD.

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The Understudy's Big Moment

"Sir Edward, now Minister-Resident in the Middle East, was created a baron in the Dissolution Honours and, it was stated last night, wired the Mayor of Altrincham asking permission to adopt the title of his old constituency.

Alderman R. H. Lee, the mayor, had to send his reply within a day, and, not having time to call a council meeting, put the matter to the Sewage Disposal Committee, who granted Sir Edward's request by five votes to three and sent him a message of congratulation."—Daily paper.

At the Play

"DUET FOR TWO HANDS" (LYRIC)

No one can claim that he has been here before. Dramatists who seek urgently for fresh devices will envy the assurance of Miss MARY HAYLEY BELL's handiwork. The very setting startles—an eighteenth-century castle in the Orkney Islands forty years ago. It is a midsummer of roses and hot sunlight. These, we feel, as we mark the luxury of Forsinard, must be the lotos-isles, not that northern world beyond Pentland's ice-blue surging.

But the author soon darkens her picture. The castle, looking upon the foam of perilous seas, belongs to Edward Sarclet, brilliant and fantastic egoist of a surgeon. He has brought back his most valued patient, *Stephen Cass*, a young poet who two years before had lost both hands in a climbing accident. *Cass* now seems, miraculously, to be uninjured. It appears that *Sarclet*, by transferring the hands of a dead man, has performed a surgical feat that causes *The Lancet* to acclaim him, with unlikely zest, as "the wizard of the Orkneys." So far, so improbable—yet theatrically promising. Miss HAYLEY BELL moves on excitedly. *Stephen*, we gather, is "possessed," impelled, by the spirit of the dead man, the owner of the hands, someone whose identity *Sarclet* obstinately conceals. Stranger though he is—this is his first crossing of the Pentland Firth—*Stephen* has come to the island as an exile returning. The castle is familiar to him, and *Abigail Sarclet*, the surgeon's daughter, a wild Orcadian nymph, knows too that she has met him in the past.

Miss HAYLEY BELL makes elaborate play with all this, and with her island atmospherics, shrieking gulls, passages of whimsy, nerve-storms, psychological tremors and supernatural quavers. We learn at length that the owner of the hands had been sentenced for a murder he did not commit. We solve both the problem that so disturbs the mind of *Abigail*, and the other that—more heavily—weights her

father's conscience. In the castle of Forsinard the last dawn comes up like thunder.

Is not this something more than fantasy? Without doubt. It is bold melodrama, elongated Grand Guignol, midsummer nightmare. We have to acknowledge its imaginative quality, theatrical courage. Even so, the first performance found your critic in the plight of the nursery-tale man who couldn't shiver. This was luckless, for the piece should freeze the air. Its author, ingenious admittedly, repeats

a performance subtly-judged: in his moments at the piano the actor catches and holds the mood that the author has striven so hard to create. Miss MARY MORRIS smoulders steadily as the island queen, fey child of Orkney, given to solitary midnight musing on the rocks. The most trying part is *Sarclet's*. Whether he is expansively sober or peevishly drunk on some Orcadian hell-brew, the fellow is always a packet of trouble, an artist and a neurotic who thinks too much: such men are dangerous. Mr. ELWYN

BROOK-JONES gives him his deserts; Miss ELSPETH MARCH decorates his sister, and Miss MERLE TOTTENHAM, in a fragmentary part, helps with the local colour as a mumble-crust of a maid. J. C. T.

"RUY-BLAS" (NEW)

When VICTOR HUGO's drama was staged in 1838 its verse was gleaming in purple and gold. To-day the gold is tarnished and the purple royal no longer; yet, in presentation by the Comédie Française, the years fall from the old piece and its profuse rhetoric catches something of the original glow. *Ruy Blas* may have become a rite, but its performance is by no means a ceremonious emptiness. These actors are superbly disciplined. They can persuade us that this is not drama in the grand operatic manner but an affair of high romantic import. Thanks to their eloquence of speech and movement, *Ruy Blas* is exciting to hear and to watch.

M. PAUL DEIBER is now the lackey of Madrid who worships a queen, and in whose aspiring mind all the castles in Spain raise their towers. M. DEIBER, oddly recalling now and then an English romantic, the late Ion Swinley, is a fervent speaker who can reach passion. As the Queen, the lackey's goddess excellently bright, Mlle. MARIE BELL abounds in grace. (Sarah Bernhardt turned the part into "a symphony of golden flutes and muted strings.") M. PIERRE DUX makes a hearty good fellow of *Don César*, and M. JEAN YONNEL, the lackey's master, is sharpest wormwood.

The players are appearing here for two weeks in a classical repertory. J. C. T.



"Let the piano's martial blast
Rouse the echoes of the past."—*Bab.*

Abigail Sarclet Miss MARY MORRIS
Stephen Cass Mr. JOHN MILLS

herself. Her idea is audacious, but there is too much palaver about its development: what is comfortably chilling for ten minutes or so fades into tedium during five scenes. This, surely, was a plot for treatment either in one act, as in the Guignol shockers that owe so much to their economy and concentration, or else in the form of a short story, a few charged pages of terror? Miss BELL is too diffuse. We need a sharp turn of the screw.

Happily, the cast acts with relish. Mr. JOHN MILLS has no mannerisms as the poet, a haunted man who in the last scene becomes, as it were, all hands. ("Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.") It is

Cricket

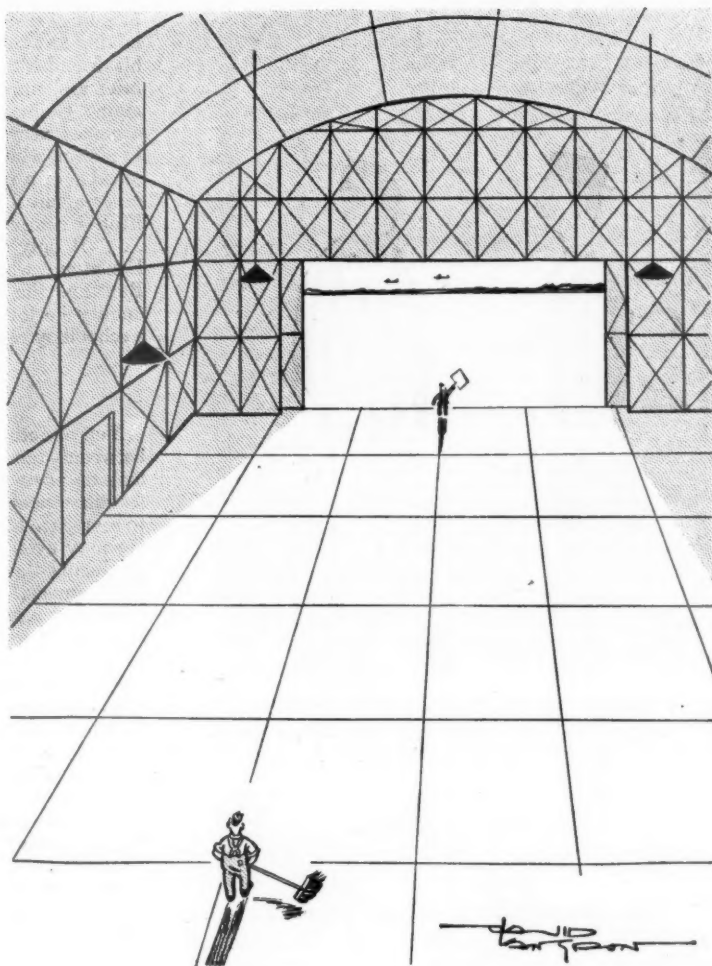
CAPTAIN SYMPSON and I hope to be demobilized in a few months with our Age and Service Groups. There was a little careless talk about our signing on for an extra year, but neither of us showed much enthusiasm for it, and when we tried to discuss it with our Chief in a half-hearted way he said rather hastily that he thought our peculiar talents were needed for reconstructing England.

So Sympton has optimistically written to the nephew to whom he lent his cricket bat in 1940, asking him to oil it thoroughly and then return it.

As travelling Welfare Officers of course we have organized a good many sorts of recreation among the Kugombas. Football is very popular, and track and field sports reveal a good deal of talent, but our only attempt to teach the Kugombas to play cricket was a distinct failure. It was when we were with 2999 Company, which consists not of the elegant and cultured Kugombas, but of a rather backward sub-tribe known as the Zipawayas. The Zipawayas are loyal and faithful fellows and make excellent soldiers, but they are inclined to be a little slow on the up-take, and are known to the more sophisticated Kugombas as the men-with-heads-full-of-water.

Sympton obtained half a dozen old bats and a couple of balls. I strongly advised him to arrange a little net-practice before organizing a match, but he rejected my counsel on the fatuous plea that we had no nets. Through a Zipaway interpreter he explained the rudiments of the game, and he and I chose ten men each. We invited the Major of 2999 Company to join in the game, but he has been with Zipawayas for three years and hurriedly said that he had an appointment with his dentist.

Sympton chose big, stupid-looking men, and I chose the smaller and more intelligent type. We tossed for innings, and Sympton won. He elected to bat first, and himself opened the batting, with the tallest of his Zipawayas at the other end. I opened the bowling for our side, to show them how it should be done, but unfortunately my first ball hit Sympton where his pads would have been if we had possessed any, and he danced round in circles for some minutes. The Africans naturally thought this was all part of the game and applauded loudly. Sympton had to retire hurt and another man took his place. The Africans were surprised and greatly



"Interested in a sweep?"

disappointed when I failed to hit him with my next five balls.

The real fun started when the bowler at the other end began his over with a remarkably accurate throw which hit the batsman in what the Zipawayas call the "tumba." He was carried off the field in a wounded condition, and it soon became evident that the Zipawayas considered that the game consisted merely of a glorified "Aunt Sally." This, I thought, would never do, so I sent for an interpreter, and he stood by the batsman and was telling him that the object was really to hit the ball with the bat and dispatch it to the boundary when a ball hit him (the interpreter) in the small of the back.

I began to feel nervous as Sympton's men fell one after another. Soon the score stood at four runs (leg byes) for seven batsmen, and as the other three batsmen had disappeared (evidently they were more intelligent than they looked) Sympton declared the innings closed, and it was our turn to face the attack.

I put a couple of my hardest men in first and then bribed one of the others to bring me a message purporting to come from the Commanding Officer demanding my immediate presence some miles away. Sympton had to admit that the match had not been an outstanding success, and we decided that the only way to teach Africans cricket was to catch them young.



"But surely you must have received some of our letters
—the Ministry has been back in Whitehall for weeks."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

The Autobiography of Lord Berners

A Distant Prospect (CONSTABLE, 8/6), the second volume of Lord BERNERS's autobiography, has all the merits which made *First Childhood* so unusually interesting an account of its author's early years. Lord BERNERS wonderfully recaptures the details of the past, if not its ardour and glow. The reader indeed will probably feel a slight shock of surprise when he speaks of the blind devotion he once felt for his mother, so faint are the traces of any such emotion in his pages. To borrow an image from Benjamin Constant's *Adolphe*, he is like a wintry sun which illumines a landscape it has ceased to warm. The book opens with an account of his last day at Elmley, the preparatory school so brilliantly described in *First Childhood*. Visiting all the spots connected with his most unpleasant memories, he fails to feel the relief he had expected, and when he looks in at the dormitory where one summer term, after a slight illness, he had gazed at the evening landscape in the relaxed bliss of convalescence, he finds a boy he particularly dislikes also engaged in bidding farewell to the view. Eton charms him at once, but in his first enthusiasm he makes friends with two boys whom, on closer acquaintance, he finds very antipathetic. They turn against him, and, not being a good mixer or imbued with team spirit, he soon finds himself unpopular in his house. His self-respect is restored by a friendship with an unconventional heterodox boy called Marston, who despises games, religion, and Queen

Victoria. In the atmosphere of his home, to which he asks Marston during the holidays, Marston's lack of breeding disillusioned him, they quarrel, and BERNERS, having lost the self-assurance which he had gained through his friendship with Marston, attempts to recover it in a brief and unrewarded attempt to win success as an oarsman. Going to the other extreme from Marston, he becomes very much attached to a good-looking athlete, Deniston, who is too much affected by his own charm to be sensible of anyone else's. "We mayn't perhaps meet each other again for years," BERNERS says, when he is leaving Eton to complete his education in France. "What nonsense! . . . It only takes an hour to cross the Channel," replies Deniston, who, however, continues to symbolize for BERNERS the beauty he realizes, in retrospect, to be the quality he loves most in Eton, and the compensation for a schoolboy career hardly to be reckoned as very successful.

H. K.

Not Like Some

Men of action—in the sky, down the pit, or on the earth between—tend, Mr. JOHN COWPER POWYS suggests, to look on poetry as a common human heritage. The unprofessional poet, however distinguished, has little craving to segregate his interests from those of the rest of mankind. He may even, like Mr. HUW MENAI, content himself with producing "a simple dramatization of the normal human predicament." Mr. Powys's preface to *The Simple Vision* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 6/-) provides not only a timely and stirring "Apologie for Poetrie" but a sensitive approach to his own selection of the Welsh miner's new poems. In these you have a Christian animism which can so invest what man has left of nature with its own eternal mood that even the slag-heaps of the Rhondda recall—if only by night—the exquisite countryside they sepulchre. The poet's greatest endowment is what he himself gratefully perceives as "the wise god-vindicating habit of my heart"; and he has been given, and has acquired, music to match it. His lyrics can be as haunting as "Rural Pace" and "By Penylon," his epigrams as tart as "Limitations" or as tragic as "The Unhappy Beauty." But, preface apart, it is obvious enough that these are but "one element in a full . . . life."

H. P. E.

Law and Orders

Dr. C. K. ALLEN's book—*Law and Orders* (STEVENS, 15/-)—is very welcome at this particular moment. Dr. ALLEN has written some classical volumes on the growth of bureaucracy, and in this volume he reaches his highest level. His lucidity never flags, and his remarks are quite intelligible to laymen. He has a cross-bench mind and states a strong case with more moderation than the late Lord Hewart, whose prophecies have certainly been verified. His appendices on "Liversidge v. Anderson" and on "Regulation 18B and Reasonable Cause" will be read so long as such controversies survive. In discussing the power of the Home Secretary under 18B he writes: "It is difficult to see why all this psycho-analysis should not apply just as forcibly to a policeman as to a Cabinet Minister, or why the policeman should not say, 'I am required to have reasonable cause. Well, after mature reflection, I came to the conclusion that I had reasonable cause. That element was present to my mind and determined my belief and my conduct. I have satisfied the condition.' Perhaps some day, on the strength of 'Liversidge v. Anderson,' some enterprising counsel will have the hardihood to advance this argument in a case of false imprisonment." Dr. ALLEN points out that the modern appeal to the individual is

due to the fact that total war necessarily involves social control by summary methods, and the main issues are the concern not merely of the professional lawyer but of every citizen. Many citizens will be inclined to reply that so far they have not had much chance of opposing the new tyranny, which was first denounced by Mr. Belloc in his "Servile State" in 1912. The theory and practice of the Servile State has since then been conspicuous in every Government programme, and there has never been any official opposition to it. Possibly Dr. ALLEN's book may lead to some coherent movement for restoring the ancient liberties of this country.

E. S. P. H.

The Dangerous Edge

A *Little Book of Baron von Hügel* (BLES, 5/-) ought, one feels, to have been prefaced by a Roman Catholic. Serviceable as any well-chosen anthology of the Baron's writings should prove, as an introduction to his great spiritual learning and still greater personality, only a co-religionist, carefully picked for the occasion, could have presented the dilemmas of his career dispassionately and honestly. If you compare Bernard Holland's introduction to von Hügel's *Letters* with Mr. P. FRANKLIN CHAMBERS' preface here, you realize that a theologian taught by Newman "to glory in my apurtenance to the Catholic and Roman Church" is ill served by a sponsor who magnifies the anguish felt by a minority under majority rule everywhere as a specifically Romish grievance. Von Hügel's religion, like a Gothic cathedral, was a matter of strains and stresses. His greatest service to the workaday Christian is his recognition of the inevitability and use of such tensions as those between institutional, mystical and rational religion. His positive merits, however, are great; and perhaps readers "beginning here" would do best to elude Mr. CHAMBERS' ingenious coat-trailing and make for von Hügel's own vision of Christianity, "a great organ-recital, with the *grand jeu* stop of supernature drawn out full and all the pipes of Nature responding."

H. P. E.

A Frenchman in England

Before the war most foreign critics of England varied between flattery and patronage, thus conveying the impression that they were anxious to make as much money out of the islanders as was compatible with insisting, however, obliquely, on their own superior qualities. Monsieur PIERRE MAILLAUD's *The English Way* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 10/6), remarkable for its excellent English, a language with which M. MAILLAUD was unfamiliar when he settled here in 1932, is still more remarkable for its sincere and serious discussion of England and the English character. His opening chapters narrate the numerous impressions out of which he gradually formed his conception of the English, by whose elusiveness he was, to begin with, chiefly impressed—"It is the earnestness or the punctiliousness of the visitor, be he German, French, or Latin, which is baffled at every turn in his first association with the English. . . . The absence of high relief and the elusiveness of London as a capital which, to me, had made it uninviting at first also characterized people in my early intercourse with them." Later on he connected this elusiveness with the Englishman's innate desire not to be regimented, which involves tolerance of others on the implied assumption that others will tolerate him. The faults and merits that flow from this attitude, in politics, in social life and in religion, are analysed at length, with illuminating concrete instances which preserve the analysis from becoming tedious. The part which England played

in the late war has, M. MAILLAUD holds, given her a unique position in the Western World, but a position that she will be able to retain only if she does not relax at the very moment when Europe needs her most.

H. K.

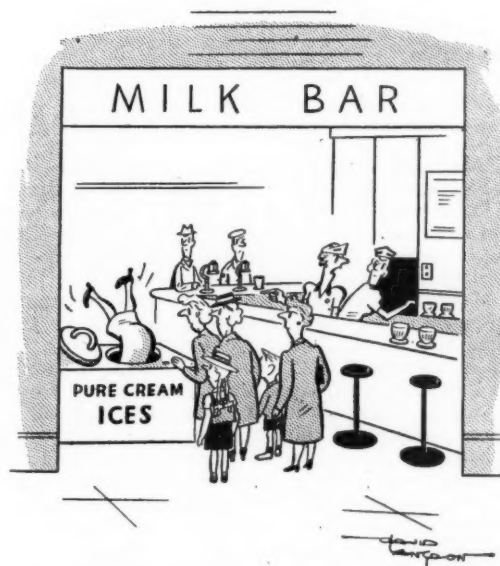
A Book of Poems

If, as Mr. De La Mare has it, "our dreams are tales told in dim Eden by Eve's nightingales," then the rarest gift that can be given a dreamer—to remember the dream—has fallen on Miss DIANA JAMES, as it did sometimes to Coleridge and Blake. The comparison cannot, of course, be pressed, but it will not seem altogether absurd to those who read her book, *The Tune of Flutes* (ROUTLEDGE, 5/-), and then turn to the publisher's assurance that the poems were written by her when she was between the ages of fourteen and seventeen. No girl of that age could have written what she has written out of experience or without being visited by what another poet has described as "that strange excitement," with which she now and then miraculously excites the reader. Here we have a great deal more than felicitous facility, freshness and a pretty sense of rhythm: we have true poetry. Rhythm and rhyme are there unimpressed and unobtrusive, the servants of the thought. "Town Girl," a lament for innocence, tells of a lover who—

"Gave her the sky with words as blue
And pure as I could make them,
Touched down her sleeping lids with dew
And in the sweetest way I knew
I showed her how to wake them."

There are, among these twenty-seven poems, four admirable sonnets. There is a fragment beginning—"The mermaids sang by the shore of the sea in unrewarded chastity." There is a description of a frozen garden where "the ice ticks and the glass leaves rattle in the wind." But quotation is unfair, the poems should be read as a whole and not roughened by snatching.

B. E. B.



"Shout up for another bucket of ice, Madge. It isn't fair on the poor dear, 'avin' to dig so deep."



"That one's not actually ours, sir—we're just selling it for a customer."

Not Quite Suitable

DEAR MRS. SHUCKSTRAW,— I write, as promised, to let you know what I think about the flat you kindly showed me yesterday evening. I expect many others have promised to let you know what they think about it, but as I see your advertisement appears again this week something tells me that they have not kept their word.

First I must say how sorry I was for being so late. I do not know north London well—though I know it better now than I did—and when your advertisement said "near Finsbury Park" I was stupid enough to imagine that Finsbury Park station would be the best place to make for; I only realized how foolish this was when neither the ticket-collector, the three bus conductors, nor the War Reserve policeman outside the pawn-shop

opposite could ever remember having heard of Hiawatha Crescent.

Luckily, when I had walked about five sisters' length of Seven Sisters Road, I was able to make an inquiry at a blue police-telephone box, and was recommended, after some discussion by two policemen called Len and Ginger, to take a 926 or 810 trolley.

On the 926, when I asked the conductress for a ticket to Hiawatha Crescent, all I received was a blank look, although a number of passengers volunteered information of so intricate and conflicting a character that I alighted unnoticed at the first stop, leaving the conductress trying to separate two men in macintoshes who had come to blows in my interests.

The 810 was going in the opposite direction, which I felt broadened my chances, but my hostess was as much

at a loss as her colleague. A fat man in a green baize apron and an Uppingham tie pronounced authoritatively, however, that Hiawatha Crescent was "down Camden," whereat the girl struck the bell and put me off contemptuously outside a slightly-bombed fish-shop. Several ladies in the queue were kind enough to direct me to the Camden bus, calling me "dear" and waving their shopping-bags.

It was a conductor this time, and I said "Hiawatha Crescent" with assumed carelessness.

"Where's that?" he said, his thumb arrested suspiciously on the punch.

"Down Camden," I said.

He shrugged, giving me a ticket and saying "Two."

You may know Camden Town, Mrs. Shuckstraw: I do not. I cannot remember much about it now, except

that there are six road-ends. Along any of these roads, in either direction, Hiawatha Crescent might lie. I asked two men, one in a green bowler and the other carrying a spring mattress, who were waiting to make a bid for the other side of the road. They shook their heads and made their bids. Then I made mine, because I had noticed another blue police-box outside the Underground station, securely bricked in and, as I found, smelling strongly of policemen's waterproofs.

"Is Len there?" I asked—time was getting short—"or Ginger?"

But I was on to a different station this time, staffed by Arthur, Bert and a Mr. Porthcawl (I think), who sounded as though he were in plain clothes. After an argument between Arthur and Bert, Mr. Porthcawl, who either had a slight impediment or was eating, suggested that the address I wanted was somewhere near Epping Forest, but added that they might as well ring up 'Olloway and check with them. I eavesdropped shamelessly while they rang up Holloway and five other stations on another instrument. Arthur's voice, hoarse with triumph, then came loudly back in my own ear and said that I wanted a 324 or a 451 or a 42 to the White Lion, and a 61 or a 217 to Sheep's Head Broadway; then I wanted to walk down Fortinbras Hill to the first lot of lights, turn sharp left, sharp right and take a tram to the Bull and Chain. I wanted to ask for a threepenny fare from there to (I didn't quite catch it) and if I then followed the trolley wires as far as they went they would bring me out at (I don't know what) and anyone would tell me the way to Hiawatha Crescent. But, continued Arthur, another way would be . . . and if he (Arthur) were me, he would . . .

I thanked them all and went to study the buses, trying to catch sight of any of the numbers I had been able to remember, hoping to narrow my possible directions down to at most two. It was getting late and had begun to rain a little. I was hungry. I had spent my lunch-hour seeing a maisonette in Parson's Green which proved to be situated over an undertaker's and had a fully-dressed man asleep in the spare bedroom.

It took me three wrong buses and a mile walk to get to the White Lion (which was not open), and two wrong buses and a half-hour's shelter from a cloudburst to get to Sheep's Head Broadway. There was no shelter on Fortinbras Hill, so I got wet through in the next cloudburst, but was wrung dry during an excessively crowded tram-ride to the Bull and Chain (which

had been open but had now sold out). By the time I had been re-directed entirely by a sergeant in the A.T.C. and had taken the next tram back I was quite dry.

It was just as dusk was falling that I saw the taxi. I thought at first that it must be lost, but when I approached the driver and told him about Hiawatha Crescent he agreed morosely to have a shot at it, and we set off.

When the meter had ticked up five shillings I knew that the driver was not trying, but planned to steal in and out of grim and narrow thoroughfares until he had exhausted his petrol and could demand that I pay up and clear out. At last, as we scraped our way out of a street called "Engine Street" into which the taxi had fitted like a piston in a cylinder, I took the initiative and thrust my head out of the window, seeking assistance from a lady in a trilby hat who carried a jug of beer in one hand and a paper Union Jack in the other. "You want the Residential Part," she said—"first left, and past the third doodle-bug on the right."

The driver slumped sullenly in his seat when I told him this. His base contrivings had been foiled at the point of fulfilment. As soon as I saw the sign "Hiawatha Crescent" lying on the heap of rubble at the corner I cried "Stop!" and sent the fellow packing with a bald seven shillings and no tip. He swore at me as he trundled off into the night.

I soon saw that I had been unwise. The number of the first house standing was 5. I remembered, Mrs. Shuckstraw, that yours was number 219. Some people might have despaired, but I pressed on, steadily climbing that gentle incline which is the approach to your cosy furnished flat from the wrong end of Hiawatha Crescent.

Three-quarters of an hour later, Mrs. Shuckstraw, we were face to face. It was a dramatic moment, its poignancy not diminished by the cold sausage through which you wished me a good evening.

And now, Mrs. Shuckstraw—about the flat. . . I am afraid I have been a long time coming to it, but then I was a long time getting to it. . .

Bluntly, I am afraid it is not quite suitable. I have no doubt that I concealed it at the time, but to tell the truth I was not happy about it from the start. It may have been the rusty tin tea-tray over which I fell in the front garden; it may have been the notice, "Mr. Trumpett, Dentist," dimly visible on the front door, and the waft of ether which all but overcame me from the back basement when

you let me in; perhaps if you had been able to admit me by that front door (I think you said it was stuck?) instead of shouting directions from the small upper window I should have taken to the place more kindly at the outset. Who can tell?

The stairs were really very nice, and only needed a bit of carpet. The landing would be quite roomy, once the old dentist's chair and the smashed harmonium were moved, and, as I said, I quite liked the bedroom. The linoleum could easily have been turned round to conceal the broken floorboard.

But I'm afraid the kitchen was not quite suitable. My wife always insists that merely to call a room a kitchen is not enough. It needs a sink, don't you feel?—and I never think that really satisfactory meals can be prepared on a gas-ring. I noticed, by the way, that in conversation you sometimes referred to the kitchen as "the spare bedroom," and although it is really no business of mine I feel you ought to make up your mind about this if you are to let really well. Perhaps if you put a cupboard in you would find it easier to remember?

One of the "lounge" chairs had quite a good seat, I must say, and I feel very guilty about the one with the worm-eaten leg upon which I rashly sat—only for a moment. The end of the drop-end settee, I am afraid, had quite dropped, hadn't it? And as for the photographs of your parents on the bedroom wall, I think you must agree that photography was only in its infancy in those days; although I have no doubt that your parents were charming, their portraits undoubtedly diffuse a brooding rancour which I know my wife would feel was not quite suitable.

The bathroom was nice, and only needed a bath in it.

I am sure the family on the floor below are delightful, and I should have liked to make a closer acquaintance with the little girl who hit me on the ear with the screwed-up fish-and-chip wrapping as you were showing me out. Her father had a merry laugh, and sounded a thoroughly good sort. . .

So thank you, Mrs. Shuckstraw, so much—and I'm so sorry. The flat would have been ideal for us except for the points I have mentioned, but I do feel that—at £5 5s. a week—it is, well, not quite suitable.

Yours very truly, J. B. B.

o o

"Four thousand elephants used for hauling timber have disappeared in Burma."

Daily Mail.

Have you looked everywhere?

Economic Slang—a Glossary

THE Economists' Quarter in London lies between Lower Podsgrove Street and MacKinder's Walk, Bishopsgate. It is a pleasant locality, a veritable haven of peace and its problems in a world of tumult and shouting. No tradesmen cry their wares in its macadamized streets. No roundsmen are seen in its broad squares. No milk-bottles stand at the doors of its stately if dilapidated Georgian mansions—for there are few children in the neighbourhood. Yet the Royal Mint with its mad throng of satellites is but a stone's-throw away.

It was not always thus. Twenty years ago, before the depression which brought the economists to the district, the old squares were busy, gay and fashionable. The change is one of the unexplained mysteries of London. Some say that a rumour of small-pox drove the tradesmen away; others, that they found their growing business in the district unremunerative. The truth may lie somewhere in between.

And so it is that the visitor to this shrine of economic thought, with the first step he takes into Podsgrove Mews, finds the air pervaded by a deep sense of credit and security. The unshuttered windows betray no sign of life save where a solitary beam of light casts a motionless silhouette against the curtains—the silhouette of a man bent low in deepest concentration over his billiard-cue. Sometimes it is a little difficult to realize that such world-

shattering phenomena as booms and slumps emanate from this quiet backwater. They do, though.

Most of the buildings in the quarter carry handsome memorial plaques. One reads:

In this house, on June 13th, 1883, Thomas Hewlett-Massingley, the great economist, anticipated the theory of Marginal Quasi-Cost.

In perfect taste, the slot for offertories is made to represent the hyphen between Hewlett and Massingley, and its purpose is apparent only from the block capitals subscribed—"SILVER ONLY." Another reads:

In this building the classical economists, Julius Merritt and Mason Grampian, began their great work on the Reconstruction Programme. A.D. 1943.

The slot this time is framed in quiet chromium. There are many others in similar vein—glorious reading for the genuine enthusiast.

And that must be enough about the economists for the present. I have my glossary to think of.

Clearing House. This is another name for a banker's draught—a cold and searching wind that sweeps along the spine and through the corridors of a debtor. It is a sign that accommodation is at an end.

Overheads. (See Rent.)

Barratry. (Sea Fever.)

Wages. There are many theories about wages, but easily the brightest

of a dull lot is that known as the "Iron Law." This maintains that the general level of wages is always just sufficient to encourage the production of future supplies of labour. The theory is attractive and should prove useful to persons studying for the following examinations. But it needs revision in several particulars. During the past twenty years the net reproduction-rate among the rich has decreased alarmingly—and inversely with the size of the income. It would seem, therefore, that the threat of a class-less society can only be averted by a ruthless paring-down of incomes. This is unorthodox but absorbing.

A fierce controversy rages from time to time about the proper line of demarcation between wages and salaries. It used to be £3 14s. 7d., but recent changes in the value of money have almost certainly upset the figure. If in doubt, the reader might consult the income-tax people in the matter. On the other hand, if you see what I mean, you might not.

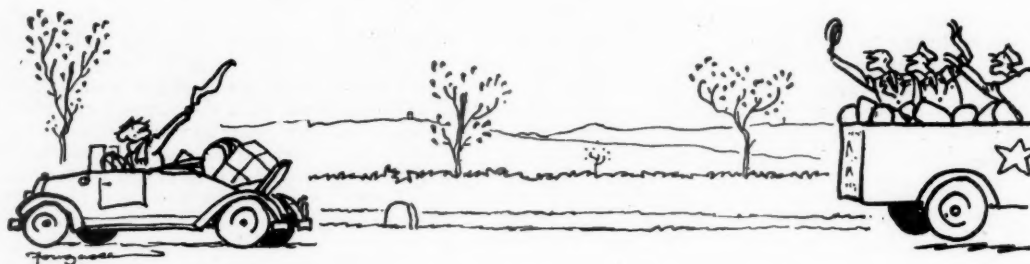
Fees should not be confused with either wages or salaries. If anything, they are more like wages—but more sweated. HOD.

The Fashionable Blank Look

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"Good-bye, boys, good-bye, good-bye . . . And to think that when they first arrived three years ago I thought I'd NEVER get used to driving on the right!"

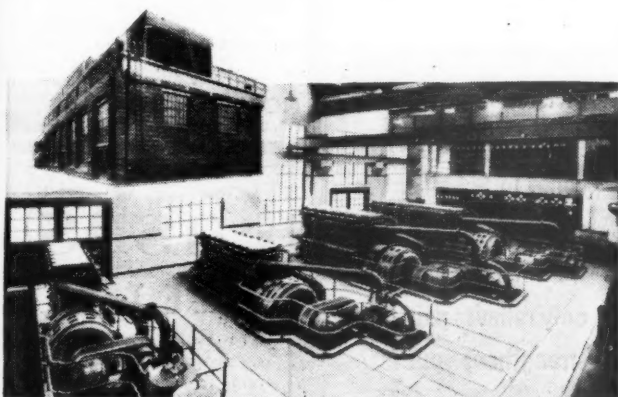
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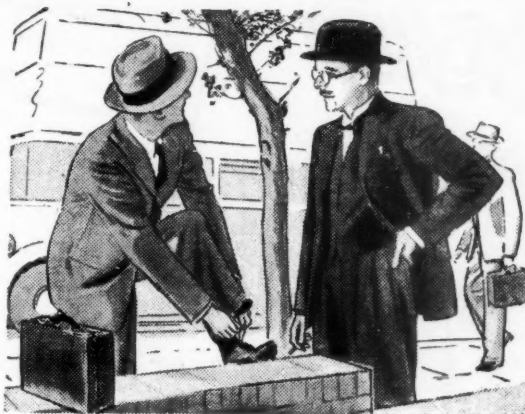
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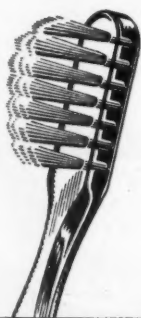


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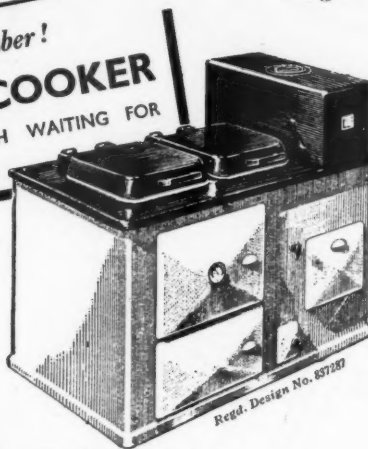
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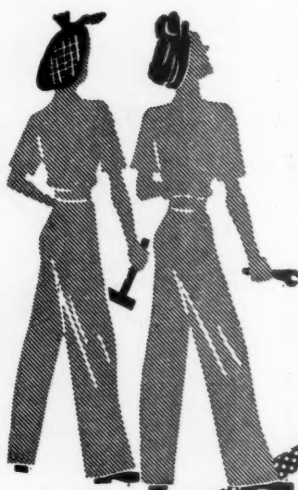
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